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Scott

A curious comedy of Scottish
manners, with a key to the
persons, ~~and~~ represented. These
include Tom Brasfield, Henry
Gosline



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PR 4057

Book

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By Donald Bain

OLDEN TIMES;

OR,

THE RISING OF THE SESSION.

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

“ONE OF THEMSELVES.”

Donald Bain

“Who lies i' the Second Chamber?”

DONALD BAIN.”

SHAKESPEARE.

EDINBURGH:

JOHN MENZIES, 61, PRINCE'S STREET.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO. CORNHILL.

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N O T E.

I HAVE more than once offered myself to public notice before now, but never with such misgivings as upon the present occasion; but from circumstances which it is unnecessary to mention, I have felt committed.

The following Comedy will be found entirely local, and a picture of manners which are fast disappearing, if they have not already disappeared. Whether they were worth preserving or not, I do not presume to judge, but on entering on this undertaking I thought they were; and that to many of the older members of the Court in particular, these scenes might prove something like a recalling of times and characters they have known.

That the characters I have presented all lived and moved, will be seen immediately; and I believe they felt and acted as nearly as possible as I have represented. I have endeavoured to be natural perhaps too far. It is certain I might have carried eccentricity farther without exaggeration; for a degree of humour and hilarity prevailed at that time, far exceeding any thing that can now be seen in the same ranks of life.

The language in which many of these scenes are given, is also disappearing; but to have drawn them in any other, would have been an anachronism, as perfect as that of GARRICK playing MACBETH in a regimental coat and wig.—I may say more, it will never be otherwise. It renders the play provincial, because the language is not only untranslateable, but its true meaning, in all its shades, is incommunicable to any but such as thoroughly understand it. I am content that this should be so: I have indeed contemplated amusing only a few, who have well merited it, by their friendship now, and for many long and well remembered years, and I regret that they are every day becoming fewer. To them, I need not say, that this thing contains the dialects of three districts of Scotland, viz. Aberdeen, Fife, and the Lothians, though neither in extremes. But to those who may incline to frown upon these, as now obsolete and justly so, I would say, that I incline to differ; that these, though generally termed Scotch, are

really dialects of the English, and nearer to the original, in many instances, than the present English is. Many passages of old English Authors are in consequence quite intelligible to Scotsmen, that have proved unintelligible to Englishmen — Johnson among the rest. I do not insist for preserving the Scotch, and in all probability I shall never myself write in it again; I would only have it understood what is done in despising it.

For the general moral of the play, it was forced upon me by the story. I have made the most of it I could, and I trust that what I have done may be endured. It must be remembered that society was then in a state of transition, in many things; and that even within the last thirty years a great change has taken place.

The incidental touches were more in my command; and though I have laughed a little, it is only a little — *nec sine modo* — “there is method in ’t.” It will be seen that I had spread my canvass for many more characters than it has been in my power to bring out. The contemplation of them greatly assisted in carrying me on, yet when I came to them, I found that I could not use them. *Perituri igitur, vale quia carent!* To open the way for them so far, I might have compressed others, but leaving them *all* imperfect. I have therefore entirely denied myself. Whether my judgment in this has been good or bad, is not likely to become a question of great moment, and so I need not suggest it. I shall only say, that contrary to the general opinion, I think Scotland has materials for Comedy, even without altering them; and that I should have been glad to lead the way in this species of enterprise.

And while I would amuse the living, I trust I have not injured the dead. It has not been my wish. On the contrary, I have ever had them before me; and I venture to hope, that could the parties now “revisit the glimpses of the moon,” of whom I have endeavoured to make “the spirits walk,” they would not be angry, but join in the hilarity of which they were the origin; and perhaps even have some pride, in seeing that their characters had been considered worth preserving.

There is yet another word; *et ad Dominos meos JUDICES presertim, dico dedicoque, obtestans*. My profession is the strictest of the strict: HOW COMES A MASTER IN ACCOUNTS in Scotland, to do what A MASTER IN CHANCERY in England never does — to shew his talents out of his profession? Because “they manage these things differently in England;” and in this particular, at least, I think their example might be followed with advantage.

Enter PROLOGOS.

An Ancient, reverend and profound,
"With leaden eyes that love the ground;"
Anon "commercing with the skies,"
And sometimes dealing even in sighs.

Forced on the stage the Roman knight of old,
With bursting heart his degradation told,
And crowds respected, but forgot to quell
The tyranny that made his bosom swell.
And there are other tyrannies than this—
REGUM IMPERATOR — *angusta res!*
"PATRIAM" *habeo, sed non "dulcia arva,"*
Et si nec opus, unde tunc acerva?
This is the age of over-crowds and change,
And there the Sensitive is always strange.—
Can HE to each successive idol bow,
And thrive by scrambling, he regards not how?
Face now a private patron, now a crowd?
Squeeze and be squeezed, of degradation proud?
No! "HE would highly, and yet holily,"
And other men would hold themselves as high;
So, less fastidious mortals take his place,
And pass him by, contented with success.

I, for our AUTHOR, (as all prologues say,)
Record this plea — admit the same who may;
And from misfortune's few and cold allies,
Seek that which a degraded stage denies.
Or are they warm, although afraid to seem?
And kindly starving him through pure esteem?
I gladly yield me: — Then each generous ally,
"Vale et plaudite!" *et dummodo vale!*
Sic, "In respect whereof," and "Under protestation;"
And death to CRITICS, and the long vacation!
Sed mihi laus, et aliquid nummorum,
Et Favor—"IN PRESENTIA DOMINORUM!"
Apud ATHENAS, anno quadragesi-
*Mense Decembris,—*prospects cold and hazy;
Neminè Teste, nam nec uxor pre-est,

"Locus sigilli,"

Sed sigillum de-est.

Bovis Insigne. B.

PERSONS.

SIR ROBERT BIRKIE, of *Birkieshillock*, commonly called *Lord Birkie*, a
Senator of the College of Justice.

HON. HENRY HAIRBRAIN, *Advocate*, his friend.

SIR THOMAS WILDGOOSE, of *Wildgoose Lodge*, *Bart.*

MR WILLIAM WAGGERY, *Advocate*.

MR PETER PUMPKIN, *Advocate*.

MR JAMES CURSALL, *Writer*.

MR JAMES TROCKIE, *Citizen and Picture dealer*.

PHILIP DUDEEN, from *Ireland*, *Pig-feeder*, but promoted, from the necessities
of the Administration, to attend upon *Christians*.

MR WILLIAM WINTER, *Citizen and Inn-keeper*, commonly called *Will
Winter*.

Shadows nearly.

JAMES FLEECER, *Writer*.

DAVID SLEEKER, commonly called *Davy Duply*, *Writer*.

MR ANDREW BELFRY, *Advocate*.

SIR JAMES GIMCRACK, *Baronet*.

RIGHT HON. EARL OF PUGGIE.

RIGHT HON. EARL OF WHIMS.

Shadows merely.

MR POTTLE, MR DAIDLIE, and MR PETER GRIEVOUS, *Writers*.

Ladies.

LADY OF SIR ROBERT BIRKIE.

CATHERINE, her *Daughter*, commonly called *Kate Birkie*.

LADY DIANA WILDGOOSE, commonly called *Lady W.*

Attendants upon Her Majesty, &c. &c.

SCENE.—EDINBURGH, and chiefly in, 1st, *Argyle Square*, at the period
almost the only square. 2nd, *Parliament Close*. 3d, *High Street*.
4th, *Lord Birkieshillock's House*. 5th, *Winter's Tavern*.

Time occupied.—From about nine A.M. till after *Dinner*.

Period.—About "*Sixty Years Since*."

K E Y.

It having been represented that a Key to the characters in the Comedy would much enhance its interest, the following is tendered :—

Lord BIRKIESHILLOCK—Lord B—XF—D, commonly called B—xie., hence BIRKIE. His talents and eccentricities are well known.

HON. HENRY HAIRBRAIN—HON. HENRY ER—KINE.

Sir THOMAS WILDGOOSE—Sir THOMAS W—LL—CE.

Mr WM. WAGGERY— } “Compositions,” or if *one* is a portrait *adhuc*

Mr PETER PUMPKIN— } *viret, et diu vireat!*

JAMES CURSALL, writer—Late JAMES M—SH—LL. He was in the habit of swearing excessively, (the vice of the day,) but in his general and professional character very estimable, though eccentric.

JAMES TROCKIE—Late A. AND—N. He made a little money in the way indicated, but many tricks ascribed to him were either tricks of Hairbrain and his associates, in which he was merely an instrument, and always ending in a dinner and a laugh at the expense of the connoisseur; or “tribulations” inflicted without any good ground, from the same spirit of waggery.

WM. WINTER, innkeeper—Late W. S—MMERS.

PHILIP DUDEEN, or PHILIP of the SHORT PIPE—Imaginary, or merely seen for a moment at the door of a Dublin solicitor.

JAMES FLEECER—JAMES S—R. He was very apt to play tricks, and justify himself as in the text.

DAVID SLEEKER, or DAVY DUPLY—An excellent man, but so very courteous in his manner, especially to Counsel, that from habit he would style a beggar receiving his charity “My dear!” and bow to him at parting—perhaps very profoundly. Yet, as an agent, he considered it his duty to stick to all advantages, in pursuit of his favourite “substantial justice.”

Mr AND. BELFRY—Mr AND. B—LF—R.

Sir JAMES GIMCRACK—Sir JAMES C—LQ—N.

Earl of PUGGIE and Baron of FIDDLE-FADDLE—Earl of B—N.

Earl of WHIMS—A quondam Earl of W—M—SS.

Mr POTTLE—Mr K—TT—LE.

Mr DAIDLIE—Mr L—D—LAW.

Mr PETER GRIEVOUS—Mr P—. Well known as “the afflicted man’s best companion.”

LADIES.

Lady BIRKIE—Mrs ——— of B—XF—D, and really partner of the Judge.

CATHERINE, their daughter. An impersonation of a gay and innocent Scotch lass of the period. It is believed she still lives. She was *not* married to Hairbrain.

Lady WILDGOOSE—Lady W—CE.—The very witty sister of a late witty D—SS, unfortunate in her marriage, but not all at once; and in her natural character, as here represented.

ALL are now under the turf, with the exceptions above mentioned.

Nearly all the facts assumed throughout, actually happened, though not all perhaps to the parties represented; and the incessant representations allowed against judgments, and other points of loose practice, with the fretting, &c. of those they happened to torment for the time, are completely characteristic of the Court,—forty years ago.

OLDEN TIMES ;

OR,

THE RISING OF THE SESSION.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Argyle Square.*

PHIL DUDEEN, *sitting smoking on a stone by the railing.* Hon.
HENRY HAIRBRAIN *and* LADY WILDGOOSE *meeting.*

Hairb. Lady Double-u, how are you ?

Lady W. Daft Harry ! how are ye ?

Phil. (*Starting up.*) Your Rivverence !

Hairb. You rascal ! — Why here's Phil Dudeen, our friend Birkie's swineherd your ladyship has heard me speak of, and as you see, unique in his way, as I told you. What has brought you here ?

Phil. (*Smoking.*) I'm an express.

Hairb. An Irish one with a vengeance ! to be sitting smoking on your way.

Phil. I kem in with a praccess they left, and I've been here this half hour, but I can't get into the place.

Hairb. Don't you know they have moved.

Phil. Moved is it ? — Be the powers that's the reas'n they

didn't open the door! — Sure I remimber they told me this after all. It's somewhere acrass the bog they gone!

Hairb. To be sure it is.

Phil. What a philaleu I shall have! I'd better break my leg on purpose, an' then it'll be an accident! Couldn't your honour allow me to say you detained me, axing for the health of the family?

Hairb. No. Tell the truth. You're sure never to be believed — but then you can never be found in a lie.

Phil. But you see, sur, they punish first in this family, and inquire afterwards; so the great point is to get over the matter in the meantime. But, however, when will your honour be out? The pig we called after your honour is become such a boar!

Lady W. Harry!

Hairb. Name a pig after me! Who had the impudence?

Phil. Impudence is it? Who but the ladies — bless their sweet eyes! and they say he's so like!

Hairb. Like!

Phil. Yes — takes after you in every thing! Wou'd'nt go in the dirt for the biggest bellyful you could give him; and such a darlint blackguard, your ladyship, in other respects!

Hairb. Go along, you vagaboind!

Phil. Your honour is so pleasant! Shall I say you'll see us soon?

Hairb. I will, I will.

Phil. Many thanks! success! whoo! It'll make the boys and the donkey so happy! [*Exit Phil.*]

Hairb. Well, my lady! What d'ye think of things in general?

Lady W. Oh Harry, Harry! How you like to deal in the unanswerable and inconsequential!

Hairb. Well! What has brought you out so early this morning? and does your hubby know you're out?

Lady W. If he's in the house and awake. But he comes in so late, I see nothing of him; and he awakes so late, he sees nothing of me. We are like two buckets in a well.

Hairb. That is *not well*. It must keep a quiet house, however.

Lady W. It does. If ever we meet of late, it is by accident, when neither of us happens to be engaged to dinner; and then we meet so like strangers, we *must* be civil for the short time.

Hairb. Well! bad as this is, it is perhaps better than our friend Birkie and his lady—who are always meeting—and—I was going to say—wishing they were parting.

Lady W. I feel for poor Birkie!

Hairb. Yet it hasn't cured him—any more than the opposite course upon your part has cured Sir Tommie.

Lady W. There must be a fault somewhere.

Hairb. I have always thought your ladyship faultless.

Lady W. Most people think every body's wife faultless but their own.

Hairb. I wish we had met in time.

Lady W. It wouldn't be well if Miss Kitty heard you.

Hairb. I think our life would have been a perpetual comedy.

Lady W. Tragedy! Tragedy!

Hairb. You astonish me. Why!

Lady W. Jealousy.

Hairb. Of what?

Lady W. Of one another's jokes; for joking is no joke with you.

Hairb. You mean with *Double—u.*

Lady W. That's so like what would have happened had we been married, Harry.

Hairb. Well—fancy us married for a trial, my lady.

Lady W. I am so satisfied *it is a trial*, that if I were rid of what I have of it, I don't think I should fancy it again. But I must away. I am going to market.*

Hairb. Ay.—You will still to market.

Lady W. I mean the meat-market.

Hairb. Exactly the place for finding *ribs*.

Lady W. Yes—but by good luck they are *dead*.

Hairb. Who would have thought you were so fond of dead bargains?

Lady W. Harry, Harry! Jokes don't become married people.

Hairb. No!—And some people find it no joke to become married.

Lady W. Or unmarried.—But, a propos! are we to have the pleasant party you promised on the rising of the Session?

* Ladies did this in Scotland at this time—gentlemen in Ireland.

Hairb. I fear not.

Lady W. Miserable! Why not?

Hairb. We wanted Birkie to preside; I could not think it any thing without him, and his wife won't let him out.

Lady W. What *can* that woman mean? How happy *I* should be, if my good fellow would but think of going out occasionally *among gentlemen*, and return at a decent hour to tell me of the amusement he has had!

Hairb. To tell the truth, I believe she thinks he *hums* her upon such occasions.

Lady W. I *must* have my party.

Hairb. It would be nothing without Birkie.

Lady W. Then Birkie we must have!—When can I see you again?

Hairb. Immediately after Court, and that to-day will rise early.

Lady W. Well! by that time I shall have considered of some means to carry our purpose—and of course you'll second me?

Hairb. In any thing—even to punishing a bad husband.

(*Going and looking back.*)

Lady W. You *may* doubt how that would be received. But I'll spare both you and him in the meantime, tho' neither must presume too far.

Hairb. (*Returning.*) I say—but don't start—Hubby is looking at us.

Lady W. In what direction is he?

Hairb. To the left—Suppose we give him a twinge?

Lady W. Which I shall best do by avoiding him. Good bye!

[*Exit* LADY W. *to the right*, and HAIRBRAIN *in a different direction.*]

Enter Sir THOMAS WILDGOOSE, *as from a late party.*

Sir Tho. I'll be hanged if that's not my wife—and shaking hands again and again with that vagabond Hairbrain! So ho, puss! So ho, badger! What can she be doing out at this late hour? I mean early by the by. *She* hasn't been dining with Drunky too? Eh?—Women of quality have no business to be in the streets, when their husbands are out *on business*, if they should stay till to-morrow—and I believe it is in fact to-morrow now—

Never mind! It's clear that I have committed a most original sin—no, it's only a copy—I have married a wife, and find it's a thing I've not been used to, — and she, on her part, begins to find out that it don't signify. Now, I have a confused idea that this is not proper. Above all things I hate a joker of jokes—a wit! Hairbrain, you are a scoundrel, and I'll treat you accordingly! No man shall respect my wife but myself—and that only so far as I find convenient—If any man's of a different opinion, let him get a wife of his own. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Front of Parliament House.*

HAIRBRAIN—*now robed*—*met by* JAMES FLEECER.

Hairb. Well, Mr Fleecer, whom are we skinning to-day?

Fleecer. What i' the world's become o' ye, Mr Hairbrain? Ye ken this is our last day—an' of a' the days I have ever seen, I have never seen the like o' this.

Hairb. What's the matter?

Fleecer. They're houghin', *hinc et inde, hinc et inde* ;*—Sign; for the love o' gudeness sign that bit of a representation to keep the case open, or we're dune for, an 'twere the only case on earth.

Hairb. (*Reading and taking the pen.*) How many representations have I signed in this case?

Fleecer. That's mair than I can tell; but ye canna be muckle the waur o' signing ane mair. (*Gets back the paper, and hands another.*) That's anither bit thingie.

Hairb. A reclaiming note?

Fleecer. Just to keep the case open.

Hairb. Who's the opposite agent?

Fleecer. The afflicted man's best companion.

Hairb. I daresay the party needs it; for I think you are giving him all the turns.

Fleecer. We hae need, for that fallow attends till a case as if he had naething else to dee (do.) (*Gets the paper.*) Thank ye. [Exit.

* Driving the legs from under one another in every direction.

Enter CURSALL.

Cursall. 'Ods curse, Mr Hairbrain! are ye here, an me seekin' ye through a' the hoose? I aye saw ye early upo' the beurds till now, dammit! an' to be absent this day, of a' the days i' the year!

Hairb. I have been intercepted here, and here it seems I must remain. What's the matter?

Cursall. Gad, ye need na ask what's the matter? Is that paper syndit, curse ye! (*Presenting a paper for signature.*)

Hairb. Couldn't well be, seeing I never saw it before.

Cursall. An' wha sent hame the scroll o' a paper of eighty pages, at twal o'clock last night, but that infernal rascal Harry Hairbrain! Ye should hae been here this mornin', if only to sign an' support that paper! —

Hairb. (*Signing and returning.*) All in good time.

Cursall. An' them cravin' warrant for extract at this precious minute! If ye ca' that gude time, I ha'e nae skeel. But ye ken ye can write, ye villain, an' ye presume upon it. (*To his clerk.*) Hae, laddie, carry that into Court, an' clap it into the hands o' the clerk o' process, wi' a deevil till him! I'll be there in five minutes. (*Exit clerk.*) Gad d' ye ken the vera clerk o' process is takin' side against us at last.

Hairb. No wonder, I daresay.

Cursall. Wonder!—I wonder to hear ye! *He's* aye weel paid, come o' the Augent that likes.—Wheugh! what a fright I've been in! But it's a' right yet.—Noo, here's anither son of a —.

Hairb. Hush! what's the matter with this fellow?

Cursall. Only tryin' to get a suspension refused, without a *written* intimation.

Hairb. What next?

Cursall. They're wiser than I that can tell; only as my Lord Justice says, there's some folks wadna be the waur o' bein' hanged!

Hairb. I am decidedly of that opinion. If I recollect rightly, there is not much to rest upon in this case *on the merits*.

Cursall. The mair need that it should hae justice dune it in *the forms*. Noo, in points of form, we're a' gaun to —

Hairb. I understand; and for form's sake, that is going pretty far.

Cursall. A deevilish deal ower far. The law should be the law, aye till its made no' the law. That's what I say, an' will say, to the back end o' my existence. But am I supportit? They'll see me hanged first! Were the profession to stand up as it should, an' insist for chapter an' verse, gad, the Judges dare as soon be ——

Hairb. I understand.

Cursall. As refuse it. They would be compelled to stick to the text.

Hairb. I see.

Cursall. But a when whipper-snapper laddies are startin' into practice, wi' their new fall-lalls, and rigmarolls; an' as it saves them the trouble o' kennin' ony thing about their profession themselves, to tak the law as they get it, an' the puir client pays for a', I believe if the Judges were to read them a chapter o' the Apocrypha, they would tak' it for gospel. But mind ye me — stick to their gills if ye be wise! Establish a character for no carin' a damn for man nor mither's son, but seekin' an' insistin' for the law, an' ye're a made man! At ony rate, ye're to defend this case upon the point o' form, an' a vera bonny point o' law it is — we didna get written intimation.

Hairb. Did they intimate at all?

Cursall. Did a dog bark? — It's no a point to be *aliunde sup-peditum*.

Hairb. I am quite aware; but what is their plea?

Cursall. Nae matter what it is; some fulish unreportit judgment, or some allegation of meetin' me i' the streets! An' vera likely they did meet me, an' vera likely I hae a nose on my face, but am I bund to confess it? Let them prove it, or pit their thoom on't! I dinna come into Court to confess things.

Hairb. I see.

Cursall. So ye should, and so should every body. — Oh, man! what a bonnie bit thingie the law o' Scotland is, if we could only get it! Clear, concise, rational in a' its forms. — There's no' a law like it; but do we get it? There's a thief they ca' Substantial Justice, that's no' only stealin' the law out o' the land, but the brains out of our heads!

Hairb. We have aye the appeal, ye ken.

Cursall. The hoodie-craws ! It's the vera misery.

Hairb. *Must* have the APPEAL.

Cursall. Keep it at hame then ; mak it frae the Court no sae heedin', to the Court wi' a bit fillip on the nose. If ye dinna, I can tell what'll happen—It'll soon be BOB MAC-SQUINT's lottery at baith ends. Gad ! if a Tinkler but spoils an auld kettle, we ha'e our remedy ; but the law o' the land—mercy and megsties !

Hairb. And how is all this to be remedied ?

Cursall. Would ye like to ken ? Ae principle—ae single short principle—would cure it a' :—By observin' that single principle, we might preserve the law, administer it satisfactorily, and render appeal unnecessary. But will we do it ? Catch us !

Hairb. The principle, the principle—

Cursall. Ye just want to hear it, to laugh at it !

Hairb. Never.

Cursall. Stickin' to the forms !

Hairb. The forms ?

Cursall. Ay, the forms ! form is law—an' law is form. An' the law as it is laid down—the pure letter—is our *patrimony*—what we pay for ; what we buy an' sell on ; the *hie road* : an' if ye abandon the forms o' justice in a single inch, ye're gaun aff the hie road whan naebody expects it, an' ye may crush thousands ! It's aneuch to justify a rebellion !

Hairb. I am exceedingly disposed to be of your opinion.

Cursall. (*Shaking hands.*) Then you're a man of sense, if I should never see ye again !

Hairb. There's one case I have not noticed this Session—

Cursall. The LAIRD o' HEMPEY against the Magistrates o' MUCKLE-CLATTER ;—I'm fear'd to bring it on !—But they'll find I'm no dead—I'm watchin' them upo' the forms ; and if that happens that I look for, there'll be a bonny blow up !—I wadna be surprised to hear o' the agent an' parties fechtin' at the Cross ! D'ye ken I'm thinkin' to introduce you to the Laird's business ;—an' he's a real legal philosopher the Laird—put a matter of a thousand pounds at my disposal at yance, ae time, no to settle the points, (tho' we ha'e settled mony,) but to see hoo aften the judges cud gang wrang !

Hairb. And did they humour ye?

Cursall. I suspect they fund us out; at ony rate I ha'e seen them do waur when there was naebody wantin' them. But we maun speak about this hereafter. In the meantime ye're to defend the case in hand as I say.

Enter DAVY SLEEKER.

Sleeker. (*Bowing deeply.*) Hoo are ye, Mr Hairbrain? Hoo are ye, Mr Cursall?

Cursall. Hoo am I? Hoo shoud I be but weel? Wha ever heard of a writer being sick i' the time o' Session? Gude day, Laddies! [*Exit.*]

Hairb. That's an answer hardly admitting of a reply, even from Davy Duply.

Sleeker. He's a fine man Mr Cursall.

Hairb. Taste is every thing. What are *your* commands?

Sleeker. Dear man! commands!—I ha'e been wanderin' through a' the House seekin' ye, to mak my humble petitions. That heavy case about the march-burn is comin' on, an' I doubt I ha'e been manœuvrin' o'er far, for I have na puttin pen to paper, an' they're makin' vera important demands.

Hairb. What case is it?

Sleeker. Dear, man! d'ye no' mind? The Burn o' Colley-shangie.—

Hairb. I remember.

Sleeker. They're cravin' a commission to tak' parole testimony an' hae the grund surveyed.

Hairb. Woudn't a survey be the shortest way of settling the case?

Sleeker. But, dear, man! that's no what's wanted.

Hairb. I beg pardon.

Sleeker. The vera reverse—the vera reverse!—We wish to prevent *it ever bein' a case*, an' this woud be lettin' them into the braid side o' it!—They maun be beaten upon the preliminaries.

Hairb. Let us hear.

Sleeker. The real fact is this,—but of course it's between oursel's—the burn has shifted its course, an' left a pendicle upon our side, that if it should be proved to belang to them, woud gi'e

them the haill command o' the water. This, I believe, could be proved, baith by a plan already extant, an' by old people.

Hairb. There is a case in point.

Sleeker. CLAWTILLIM against GRIPPY? But, dear, man! it was never decidit! It was carried to the court of *last resource* to be sure, an' ane or twa o' the *quasi* men there had gien their opinions; when after ten years' quiet running upon the part of the river, an' fierce litigation by the parties, the river returned till its auld channel, just in time to leave the case whare it was!

Hairb. But the opinions of the Upper House were in our favour so far as they went.

Sleeker. But it was muckle otherwise at hame — an' what's mair, they were right. Lo, if a river was to tak it intill it's head to cut aff half my estate, wad it no be a bonny matter if I coudna follow it?

Hairb. I see.

Sleeker. An' *rectum ad totum, rectum ad jugerum, et etiam ad gramen*; at least that was the doctrine o' my Lord Balcrabbit, an' I think he spak' the sense o' the court. Therefore they man be keepit out o' the case a' thegither — or I doubt it's a gone corbie; — an' in that case hae mercy on us! It wad put my friend intil a strait jacket. The fallow that's opposed to us, (the Laird o' Newcome, as my friend Auldbiggins ca's him,) has made his money by printin' ballants an' story beukks, or something o' that kind; an' noo wishes to hae a paper-mill on his ain estate wi' leave! — If he succeeds in this, it stands to reason we should soon hae a' the auld breeks in the country thrown doon at our door; or sic a continual hobbleshow wi' wark people, as would be aneuch to anger the vera craws upon a decent auld fashioned property.

Hairb. I see.

Sleeker. But their title, which in this respect has been bitched,* if what they say be true, simply says, “the burn o' Colley-shangie.” Noo, wha ever heard of parole evidence in aid of the words of a deed?

Hairb. But the plan — Where is it?

Sleeker. Ay, that's a great point: — WE have it.

Hairb. Can't they trace it?

Sleeker. The agent that borrowed it is dead!

* Botched.

Hairb. Well, a caption would be of little use in *that* case.

Sleeker. Of nane whatever. Therefore, we ken naething about it. Vera likely it never had any actual existence; a mere dream of some old person, or a copy of no authority, by some inexperienced surveyor.

Hairb. I see.

Sleeker. In all events, they maun produce it that found upon it, or they havena the shadow of a case.

Hairb. Certainly not.

Sleeker. An' we wish to enclose our land.

Hairb. Of course.

Sleeker. Our loss upon that head, indeed, is enormous.

Hairb. It must be.

Sleeker. I wish it were competent to raise a summons upon the claim, an' inhibit upo' the dependence? It would frighten the fallow?

Hairb. Yes; but he might afterwards frighten *us*.

Sleeker. There's the honorary—(*giving money furtively*)—an' I'm sure if we can carry the case upon the preliminaries, an' get our client out o' Court, or at least keep the case in shape, an' sicken them before gettin' in till it —

Hairb. We'll see.

Sleeker. We only want substantial justice.

Hairb. Of course — of course. Any thing farther you would like to suggest as to the management of the case?

Sleeker. Naething whatever, my dear! but just to win it — and for this I gie ye a' latitude;—only, if I might mak' a suggestion, I wou'd stick to the forms first:—some clever bits o' things done in that way — I think our neist best resource will be in *the discretion o' the Judges*: honest men! — they can ha'e nae wish nor interest but to gie us justice if they can — an' sae ye may tell them. If we *man* come to the law of the case, we man; but no' as lang as we can help it. Aboon a', yield naething to courtesy.

Hairb. Ridiculous, ridiculous: — playing the gentleman at our client's expense! —

Sleeker. My very sentiments! — unless we ha'e a fawvour to ask —

Cursall. (*Re-appearing.*) Mr Harry! d' ye think ye 're like Lord Balbubl y's bird — an' can be in twa places at ance?

Hairb. I 'm just a-coming.

Cursall. Christmas is comin'! Gang in, gang in, an' let me see ye rattle up the beggars! If they speak t' ye of ony thing but chapter an' verse, *hick them!* —

Sleeker. An' my dear! In my case, dinna let them within sight of chapter and verse, for the neist seven years — if ye can help it.

Hairb. I understand. [*Exit — and they follow in great haste.*]

SCENE III. — *As before.*

Enter WAGGERY as just released — and seeing PUMPKIN walking off. —

Wag. I say, Pumpkin, are you off? —

Pumpk. Yes — rid of the beasts for *this* Session.

Wag. I 'm waiting for Hairbrain.

Pumpk. He's under the fangs of Davy Duply, and a most anxious losing face Davy had.

Wag. The court won't be bored to-day. — Where do you dine?

Pumpk. I have been considering.

Wag. Come to the Cape — Sir Jamie is to be there; — the *Yirl*; — Hairbrain sovereign, if they can't get Birkie, and Pompey the great in some efficient office. — They 're to have ladies too.

Pumpk. I heard only of Lady W.

Wag. And who ever saw a queen without attendants? We shall have *some* nonsense, rely on it. — There goes Jemmy Pottle. How are you, Mr Pottle.

Pottle. (*A little squab, in a cocked hat, tie wig, &c. and erect as a pin.*) How are ye — gentle-men?

Wag. Labours of the Session over?

Pottle. They are. But business and I are parting by mutual consent — Ey, ey! —

“ Old ships must expect in time
To wear out of commission.”

“ And, like immortal Cesar, die with decency!”

Pumpk. Meaning the ships?

Pottle. Certainly;—*naves atque poemata*, gentlemen—must end at last.

Wag. *Femineum querunt*, you mean; which being interpreted, means *get married*.

Pottle. Well, well! perhaps they are synonymous. [*Exit.*]

Pumpk. And this, like the Laird of Lamont, with his “Hangit laird, how are ye?”—he’ll call a long and interesting conversation.

Wag. And supported on *his* part with *great* propriety.

Pumpk. Yet the little beast has made money.

Wag. The best test of genius, my dear Peter, after all. Here comes Julius Cesar, alias Jamie Daidlie.

Enter JEMMY — a light figure in Quaker canonicals and a brown bob.

Pumpk. Mr Daidlie, good morning!

Daidlie. Morning, gentlemen! Session over at last.

Wag. A tough job for you writers——

Daidlie. I’ll tell you a tougher — to get in the accounts.

Wag. Why, if you mean the money ——

Daidlie. Of course I mean the money — accounts without money — Demosthenes haranguing to cabbages! heh, heh! wasn’t that the story?

Pumpk. You are quite a Classic, sir.

Daidlie. Have been, Mr Pumpkin — have been; all in the past time now. [*Exit DAIDLIE.*]

Pumpk. If any one had said that but yourself — By the by, Why was that little shuffling fellow called Julius Cesar?

Wag. I’ll tell you. You see he *is* a little fellow; but all these little fellows would have wives as big as churches if they could get them. — Jemmy has had his allowance, yet wishes to be thought master. One night he was very glorious with some friends, but they hadn’t quite forgot themselves tho’ *he* had; so one of them muttered something about parting, coupled with the name of Mrs Daidlie. Mrs Daidlie! said Jemmy, with a suitable assumption of dignity, I’d have you know that I AM JULIUS CESAR in this family! Julius Cesar! said a voice behind him, I think it time you were in bed! It was the wife!

And Julius Cesar sunk in Jerry Sneak!

Pumpk. Ha, ha ! Here comes another original.

Wag. The afflicted man's best companion — and to-day with a double portion of affliction in his face.

Pumpk. He has lost a case, or at least had judgment put off *sine die* — when he was cock sure of it, and of payment of his account of course.

Wag. Who did him ?

Pumpk. Jemmy Fleecer.

Wag. *Par nobile.*

Enter PETER GRIEVOUS, in pepper and salts all over — and a most lugubrious face.

Pumpk. Mr Grievous, I was sorry to be obliged to appear against you to-day. I wish I had known the merits of the case.

Grievous. It never had any, Mr Peter. But you must do after your kind, and I after mine. Your client will pay for all, and I pity him. Oh hey ! life is a vapour, Mr Peter. All the same an hundred years hence.

Pumpk. As you say — who lives to see it.

Grievous. Just so, Mr Peter — just so. [*Exit.*

Pumpk. And that man also has made money, *Wag.*

Wag. And maintained a family. —

Pumpk. And I can't scrape for one. —

Wag. Here comes Hairbrain at last. — I say, Hal.

Hairb. Well, Will.

Wag. We have been dying here moralizing : — Say are we to have Birkie at the Cape, that I may go home contented ?

Hairb. I don't expect it.

Wag. Why not ?

Hairb. There are domestic impediments.

Wag. His wife won't let him !

Hairb. I believe that is the fact.

Wag. Infamous ! —

Pumpk. I say very proper. What right has a beast that is married to be going about loose ? — Furthermore, there should be no marriages for seven years — for the world is over-peopled.

Hairb. How sententious our friend is.

Pumpk. Your friend's an ass ! Nay, all the world's an ass — And all the men and women, asses' colts.

They have their panniers and their packsaddles,
 And many in their time bear heavy loads—
 And scarcely are rewarded with a thistle.
 This—this is grievous. On the other hand—
 Give them even nothing needful to be borne,
 And they'll find something heavier in its stead,
 And need I add—much more nonsensical?
 Wherefore I say again—The world's an ass.

Wag. Peter, Peter!

Pumpk. Who calls Peter, Peter?

Was it to offer me a bit of dust?
 Of yellow dust, that I may toil for them—
 And be what is esteem'd a gentleman?
 'Twas but the idle coinage of the brain!—
 No one calls Peter—*Here's a guinea, Peter!*—

But *every one* would take a guinea from me. [*Exit.*

Wag. And so he takes his leave. Is he to dine with us?

Hairb. Nobody knows. He may come in, in some mad character to astonish us. Here comes another original—the ingenious Jemmie Trockie.

Wag. Ingenious in what?

Hairb. In living, where other people would starve. I want him—very particularly—but say nothing of it, or I shall have to buy his attendance.

Wag. He's a character certainly. He seems in great puff.

Hairb. I wouldn't be surprised if he wants *us*.

Enter JAMES TROCKIE—in greys and a brown scratch.

Trockie. Oh gentlemen, but I'm glad I've fund ye!

Hairb. What's the matter? Any body going to cudgel you for your last trick?

Wag. Or more grievous—to wrest the cash from you?

Trockie. An' maist *diffieecult*—seeing I never had any. But, by the by, I believe ye're to ha'e a grand interteenment the day.

Wag. That's not by the by, Jemmy; that's your errand. Now, we *are* to have it, and you want some favour; say what it is.

Trockie. Ye're an unco gentleman! Hooever I *do* want a favour.

Wag. Out with it.

Trockie. Just the auld way — to be a little mercifu' in gien your opinion.

Hairb. I have sworn that if it's Sir James again — I'll not assist you.

Trockie. Then I am maist happy to say, it's no' Sir James this time, it's the Yirl.

Wag. Which Earl?

Trockie. Oh! of Puggie, of Puggie.

Wag. That was a terrible story about the jug, Trockie.

Trockie. Whatana joog, gentlemen?

Wag. Sir James's, of course.

Trockie. Ye ha'e the advantage o' me.

Wag. We have? — Do you forget — can you ever forget — sending to Sir James's house, and purchasing from the lady, a jug which *she* considered lumber, but which you knew Sir James would have given fifty pounds to match? And selling *him his own jug again as a match*, at five times the money he had given for it at first, and fifty times the price *you* had paid for it?

Trockie. Noo, din-not conneck me wi' the purchase o' that article! I canna alloo it at no rate! I own I sauld it as a match, an' had a *suspeecion*, fae a particular crack in it, that it was Sir James's joog. But it was only a *suspeecion*. An' as for the price, I turned up my beuk, an' satisfied Sir James, when he cam' to enquire about it, that I had paid within a *triffle* o' what he paid me; an' which difference I offered to return — tho' I wasna obleeged.

Wag. Jemmy, Jemmy!

Trockie. Gentlemen! Will ye neither believe word nor vreete? (writing.)

Hairb. Don't be too hard, Waggery. Do you think the poor fellow has no feelings?

Trockie. You *may* say *that*, Mr Hairbrain. But I aye fund you a gentleman.

Wag. And *I* — *I* am *not* a gentleman!

Trockie. Forbid that I should say sae! But I say, pity them that comes under your lash in a cause; it's little matter whether they be right or wrang.

Wag. Won't do. But come — out with this horrible delin-

quency; for horrible it must be, or you would never have hesitated so long.

Trockie. Have ye ever gien me time to uter a word?

Hairb. Is it another Vandyke from the Cowgate?

Trockie. Noo own a truth, Mr Hairbrain — be a gentleman for ance.

Hairb. What, sir!

Trockie. Might there no' be a Vandyke in the Cowgate, at an antrin time? (Occasionally.)

Hairb. But was that a Vandyke you sold to Sir James? Or had you the slightest suspicion that it was?

Trockie. Did I ever *say* that it was?

Hairb. Did you not *insinuate* that it was?

Trockie. Never! — a nicht 'a said that it was like his *manner*.

Hairb. And was it?

Trockie. It was a vera guid paintin'; — an' besides — hadna the man his een?

Wag. And did you not say you purchased it in the *Netherlands*?

Trockie. An' is na the bottom o' the Cowgate sufficiently in the *nether-lands* for ony Christian?

Hairb. I have done!

Trockie. I'm sure I'm a' tremblin, ye're siccan hands. (Such hands.) But I man trust ye ance mair. The fact is, that in the coorse o' my travels —

Wag. In the Netherlands?

Trockie. Hoot! little matter where. But in the coorse o' my travels — for mony a foot I have travelled, an' at muckle black cost — mair than I ever got back again — but that's neither here nor there.—

Wag. Certainly not.

Trockie. Weel — bein' in Glasgow lately, I chanced to light upon — what d' ye think gentlemen?

Wag. I have not the minutest atom of an idea.

Trockie. A portrait — an undootit oreiginal an' authentic portrait, of a great benefactor of the city — the first principal o' the university.

Wag. In what century did he live?

Trockie. Ilka body kens that.

Wag. I don't. What dress does he wear?

Trockie. Ay—ye're comin to the point noo: A vera low-collared, or rather no-collared coat; linen vera clean, but coarse—quite of the texture of Henry the Fourth's of France;—indeed that of itself is aneuch to authenticat' the pictur';—an' a maist astonishingly well paintit grizzle wig!

Wag. Some retired barber his wife has had painted in order to make the fool think she loved him, that he might leave her every thing in his will.

Trockie. The vera thing I was terrified ye wud say! an' it wud do the bizziness; but could prejudice be mair prepense? Ye hinna seen the pictur', an' yet ye pronunce upon it! Noo, it's no' a first-rate performance, I admit, but it's an oreiginal, an' that's a great matter; an' I insist upon its bein' an oreiginal.

Wag. No doubt; who would think of copying it?

Trockie. There again! Oh! gentlemen, be mercifu'. Be it what it likes, it'll soon be out o' the way in this quarter. It's to be presented to Glasgow College. The frame an' the inscription are upon it, an' I thought it wad hae gaen in peace. But my tribulations are never at an end. Ye wudna hinder the yirl to exhibit it to your meeting this night——

Hairb. I see the whole thing. We'll be merciful.

Trockie. Oh! if you please, gentlemen. It'll soon be in Glasgow.

Wag. And any thing does there?

Trockie. I dinna say that. I have had mony a glass o' gude punch in Glasgow!

Wag. Well, we spare you *this time*.

Trockie. I'm mair than obleeged t' ye. How can I serve ye again, gentlemen? I'm sure if there's ony bit cabinet pictur' in my collection——

Wag. A most characteristic mode of repaying us for assisting you in cheating others, to offer to cheat ourselves!

Trockie. Dinna lowse my tongue, Mr Waggersy! let us part friens! Ye ken yer *ain* picturs are nane o' the best sometimes, mair than mine; an' mine ha'e this advantage, they never shew an honest man like a knave, nor a knave like an honest man, which is maer than can be said for yours!

Hairb. It's going against you, Wag. — Wait for me at Will Winter's, Trockie. I'll see you in half an hour.

Trockie. At ony hour o' the day or nicht, if I'm spared till the hour comes.

Wag. How religious rogues always are! No wonder you're doubtful of being permitted to live, Trockie.

Trockie. Weel, since ye *will* hae't, an' *will* hae't, (will have and will have it), of a' trades that I ken, the lawyer can least afford to fling stanes! — Feigh! (faugh) what lees! an' for sic wheety considerations! Od, if I couldna turn mair than a couple o' guineas for a lee, I wad never tell a lee in my life! Na, I'm bad eneuch, but never compare me to ony o' the *professions*! — I gie value that brings value again, no' a useless squeeze o' the pulse, or a buller of win'! But I see the nuisance is abated for a while, at least as ane of the professions is concerned, for the Court's up; sae gude day t' ye, Mr Wiggery!

Wag. I'll stick a label on your BARBER, giving place and name.

Trockie. Dee sae, an' I'll touch ye up wi' a bit action o' damages. (*Going.*)

Wag. I say.—(*Pointing in the direction he was going.*)

Trockie. Your pleasur'?

Wag. Do you wish to meet your friend *the Earl*?

Trockie. No' just at this particular minute. (*Exit in the opposite direction.*)

Wag. Ha, ha! — Yet the joke is against us. For months to come we shall hardly be able to diddle to the tune of a seven shillings' piece, while all other professions will be carrying on their rogueries at the usual rate.

Hairb. It's melancholy. But come along. [*Exeunt.*
[*Shouting and saluting, &c. of lawyers.* Scene closes.

SCENE IV. — *Hig'h Street — Opening of Blackfriars Wynd.*

LADY W. *disguised as a maid-servant.*

Lady W. (*Alone.*) I hope this wild fellow will come this way, and that I may pass muster. I think I'm pretty well drest, and no mistake. If I succeed in my purpose, I shall be justified. If

I do not, I may regret the idea as long as I live; for nothing is safe from misconception, but *truth* and *propriety*. — Heigh-ho! Oh! here comes the scape-grace, true to his appointment, most probably because he ought not; and grinning, doubtless, at some good joke that is to be; some well laboured *impromptu*. But he is happy. *He* has no cross or indifferent wife — *as yet*. There should clearly be some method of loosing, upon cause shewn.

HAIRBRAIN enters.

Lady W. (In a feigned voice.) Oh! Mr Hairbrain, I'm so glad to have met you!

Hairb. Are you? Then, of course, I should be glad to have met *you*; but who are you?

Lady W. Who am I? — I see how it is!

Hairb. (Aside.) Here's a rod in pickle for some one. For me, I thank the writers, I've been too busy of late. But, on the whole, I'd better cut.

Lady W. Don't you remember you promised — promised——

Hairb. Promised what?

Lady W. (Sighing.) To mee-t m-e-e-e!

Hairb. And I did n't come — Eh? But is this *all*? Is there nothing wrong?

Lady W. Did n't I tell you the whole story?

Hairb. About what?

Lady W. The ill-treatment of — my husband.

Hairb. Oh! is *that* all?

Lady W. I think it is enough.

Hairb. No doubt — no doubt; but you see it's not *personal*. Who is the monster? (Shaking her hand.)

Lady W. He's a gentleman.

Hairb. A gentleman! — Breach of promise, perhaps?

Lady W. A very great breach of promise — to marry a person, and then not love them.

Hairb. And is this your case?

Lady W. It is.

Hairb. Then I'm sorry I can't assist you; — that is, legally; because the fact is, though there is no case so common, nor so disagreeable, yet it's *not actionable*; not even an *offence in law*.

Lady W. Oh dear!

Hairb. Would n't stand a cough!—No; if you could get them to bring in a statute to make *that* sort of breach of promise actionable, we should soon have half the kingdom convened in a court of breaches! Your remedy—if you *will* have a remedy,—must be extrajudicial. (*Making a sign.*)

Lady W. (*In her natural manner.*) Harry! Harry! you're worse than I took you to be.

Hairb. Lady W. by all that's wonderful! Why, what has brought you in that state?

Lady W. You know we have a little frolic on foot——

Hairb. But how is this to forward it? and what a risk you run!

Lady W. Now, don't frighten me with your sanctity, as much as you have with your profligacy; for I have done more than this—I have called upon *myself*, as a smart young officer; that somewhat notorious young gentleman, the Hon. Thomas Scamper. I sent up my card, and being informed that I had just gone out, I said it was of no consequence, as we should meet according to appointment, at dinner with Lord Birkieshillock. As I made this remark, I could hear Tommie shuffling at the top of his speed to get a peep at me from the window, so I walked off, flourishing my cane at a great rate. I hope master Tommie may have some curiosity to know what's in the wind. If that is the case, he calls at Birkie's, and the mystery that may thence arise, may do some good.

Hairb. Upon my word, my Lady——

Lady W. If you intend a lecture, it comes too late. Besides what I intend for my husband, I think we intend something in the way of reforming a lady; and especially, of emancipating her husband for this day. Now, don't you think if I were to call upon his Lordship in this dress—crying a little or so—we might have a chance of him?

Hairb. Upon my word, I believe so—except what of his face he might have to leave behind him.

Lady W. Well, this is my plan. Do you think I shall not be found out?

Hairb. Not unless I am a greater goose than I suspected.

Lady W. But that's the truth, Harry; and so I fear I'm in danger. But talking of danger—here is danger. But don't

start—my husband again! He must have followed me, and must be prevented going farther by *any means*, or I am ruined! I will wait for you near Lord B.'s. — Good bye! [*Exit.*]

Hairb. Good bye. (*Alone.*) He must have dogged her. He shall dog her no farther, at all events. (*To Sir T. W.*) Ha! my dear Sir Thomas, I am glad to see you so early abroad.

Sir Thos. (*entering.*) 'The truth is—(*looking after Lady W.*) —I have been very little at home. But you're a fortunate fellow, Hairbrain! —I never see you, but you're in conversation with women, and devilish smart ones too. Who may that be you have just parted from?

Hairb. A very good friend of mine.

Sir Thos. I dare say; but who is she?

Hairb. Not a fair question.

Sir Thos. Then I must see for myself. (*Going.*)

Hairb. Certainly not—certainly not. (*Opposing.*)

Sir Thos. Who shall hinder me?

Hairb. Decency, Sir Thomas! Remember it is day-light, and you are married.

Sir Thos. Hairbrain, I want none of your morality.

Hairb. That's fortunate, for in the opinion of most people, I have little to spare.

Sir Thos. I have reasons for wishing to see that person.

Hairb. There can be no reason for any gentleman's intruding himself upon a female who does not wish to see him, and she must be very unprotected if it is permitted.

Sir Thos. I only wish to pass you, sir. Have you any right to prevent it?

Hairb. You cannot pass in pursuit of a lady whom I am bound to protect.

Sir Thos. And lady too?

Hairb. I choose to call her so.

Sir Thos. By what right are you her protector?

Hairb. She has consulted me on her family affairs.

Sir Thos. Then they must be in a fine way.

Hairb. That is perhaps your opinion, and it is equally rude and contemptible.

Sir Thos. Contemptible?

Hairb. Yes! If you hold my opinion light, so must I yours.

It is enough she has consulted me. It is material to her peace that this should not be known in the meantime. I must consider the concealment of her identity, therefore, as part of my duty to her as a client — as forced upon me by my oath of office; and however lightly you may estimate my sense of duty, or my judgment in the exercise of that sense, you must, in this instance, pass over *my body*, before you intrude upon that person!

Sir Thos. Well, sir! I suppose you have succeeded in your object, without the necessity of shewing your prowess:—That has proceeded from my simplicity, *this time*; there must be *another reason*, if I am defeated a second time.

Hairb. At any time, at *all times*, you will find me equally determined to do what I think right in myself, or to repress what I consider wrong in another.

Sir Thos. Indeed!

Hairb. Most certainly.

[*Exit* HAIRBRAIN.]

Sir Thos. (*Alone.*) If that woman had been dressed otherwise than she is, I should have sworn she was *my wife*! If it is my wife, *so dressed*, what a madman I have been! [*Exit.*]

Hairb. (*Entering and looking after Sir Thos.*)

He's touched—and so our office now though nice,

It is no longer an affair of choice:

He or the lady now is fairly in,

He must be cured of his besetting sin.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Lord Birkieshillock's Library.*

PHIL DUDEEN (*now dressed out as a footman and powdered, &c.*)
alone.

Phil. It is as clare, as that I came from the County Clare, that if I have been meant for a gentleman's gentleman, it's a misfit complate. I never can abide it. And in this house too.— I would require a pinsion in my ould age, for I should be passing my youth in the wars!— Only the ould Lord and me of the male sect in the house, let alone the cat, which I believe is a gentleman, or was—and, as far as I can see, there is no life for either! I'll dismiss them, I'll praces them!— I will, by jappers! unless there's an *ai-mediate* change of government!— (*Rap at the door.*)— There! I wish I had as many raps in my pocket, as are dropt outside of that door. The very people in the streets, it seems, have a right to be waited on by *me*; and if I don't go at what he may consider convenient speed, that fellow will not hesitate to let me hear of it.

Exit, and re-enters leading in HAIRBRAIN.

Hairb. What! is it you, my old acquaintance?

Phil. All but the cloes, your honour! And did you know me again?— Don't you see a differ? (*Touching his head, &c. and sticking a short pipe in his mouth.*)

Hairb. There certainly is a difference. I congratulate you on your promotion.

Phil. Promotion is it? My curse upon such promotion! When I fed the pigs— although they were furreiners to me— I was master of my business comparatively. (*Puff.*) Now I'm come to feed the pigs' owners, every hand's turn is master *of me* complate. (*Puff.*)

Hairb. Do they allow you to smoke in your new vocation?

Phil. (*Pocketing the pipe.*) They don't; and that's another thing I ought to charge them for. The *smoke* is contraband in this place, as well as the tobacco.

Hairb. But think what a change of life! These are very different clothes from what I saw you in last.

Phil. That's another of their impositions. Bless you, them cloes are not mine! They belong to my praydecessor, or maybe successor, I don't know which; or whether it is to be a brother or a sister, as his Reverence says, for they have sometimes female footmen in this family. And there's one thing in it, if their britches pinch them as mine does, they'll have no mind to wear them when they get married. My curse upon them knee-britches!

Hairb. I *think* you used to be more at liberty in that respect.

Phil. You may say that.

Hairb. Is my Lord at home?

Phil. He is; but he's rather particularly engaged at present. The fact is, he's with my Ladyship, and I think there must be a good deal of business to go through, for she was talking very fast. It was about my praydecessor.

Hairb. Ah? And now that I think of it, how came your predecessor to leave? What was his fault?

Phil. Upon my honor and conscience, I believe he had none! He *told me* he had none,—only doing exactly as he was bid.

Hairb. That was exactly my instruction to him.

Phil. More shame to your honor; for I seen in *my* small practice, that woudn't be always over-playing in this family.

Hairb. What had he done in particular?

Phil. I believe there were various sundries, as they say. The first fault was in regard of a wig he burnt.

Hairb. There have been many fallings out about wiggery.

Phil. Your honor?

Hairb. Go on.

Phil. He was fitting it upon my lordship, and it didn't fit at all; but who could help that but the wig-maker?—So the old lordship gets in a passion; and he says, burn the wig!—says he.

Hairb. Well?

Phil. Why, the fire was convenient, and he did it. The next

fault was about a dog — or it might be a puppy : any way it was a favourite of my ladyship's.

Hairb. Then the chance is, it was a puppy.

Phil. It was troublesome one day — gnawed a praces ; and is there such a thing as a dockiment ?

Hairb. There is, there is.

Phil. It was some marriage articles ; he treated them with contimpt — for a beast can't understand them things.

Hairb. They don't — they don't.

Phil. Well ! the old lord, in his rumstumpious way, bade the servant knock out its brains.

Hairb. And he did ?

Phil. What is a man to understand, your honor, if not a gentleman's word ?

Hairb. And for so understanding the matter he was kicked out ?

Phil. No : — The kicking was still behind. That happened in regard of delivering a compliment to her ladyship, that my lord had intended for private use. But the servant in some way or other made her sensible — and she took the trouble to make his lordship the same ; — when his lordship signified by a *foot-note*, as I believe they call it, that the servant might take the other side of the door.

Hairb. He was kicked out ?

Phil. Something that way ; and being here at the same time, I was apprehended and incarcerated in his stead. — But I would sooner be a minister of state, that every body kicks, or a minister of the gospel, that must kick nobody, than remain in this purgatory of a business ; cleaning plates and glasses that are not dirty, and breaking them, and having them cast up to me personally and by letter. Besides — notwithstanding the wig, and the trifle of a dog, my lordship *will* give directions, that are only fit for left-handed people. When he kem in, to-day, from Court, there was no wine drawn ; and he bid me fetch him a bottle, from the big bucket that stands under the side-board. You'd better shake it *well*, said his Lordship, since you are at it ; so I gave it a shake or two, looking steadily at him to see when it would be *enough* ! But may I never see such an eye again in the head of any old gentleman ! — It was like the lion's on Widdy MacMuddle's sign-

board, in the town of Ennis!—I saw it was to be a discharge of great guns entirely; so I put the bottle down easy—keeping my eye upon him, and absconded, as it might be this a-way.—(*Imitating the action, he runs against Lord B.*)

Lord Birkiesshillock. (*Entering.*) What's the matter wi' the daft rascal noo?

Phil. Your Lordship's honor—Counsellor Hairbrain!—Counsellor Hairbrain, his Lordship's honor.

[*Exit—making signs of terror.*]

Lord B. I'm glad to see you, Harry! Glad to see ye. But taulkin o' daft rascals, what a daft knave of a servant was that ye sent me?

Hairb. Did he not suit you, my Lord?

Birkie. Suit me? He was surely mad. Ye had surely bitten him, Harry.

Hairb. I had always found him an excellent servant, and *most attentive to instructions.* Your Lordship had noticed this—and for that reason begged him of me.

Birkie. But geed gud min! He had nae jeedgement! He executed every thing *to be sure*—an' had vera nearly gotten me executed in consequence. He burnt my best wig, because a coudna get it to fit just at the first; knocket out the brains of a favourite dogue o' ma wife's, because I believe I bade him do't in a hasty minute, ye ken; and feenally an' aboon a', tauld my wife that I had ca'd her a bitch!—Od, Harry, ye ken that woud never do!—To be ta'en by the hand in that kind o' way, ye ken!—

Hairb. In short, you have parted with the man?

Birkie. Parted wi' him! If he had been a' the men on earth, I man ha'e parted wi' him, after siccan disasters as that.—Weel—I've been speakin' about dining wi' ye the day, notwithstanding;—but the mistress 'ill no' hear o't.

Hairb. Of course, I mustn't set my judgment against a lady's,—but what is your own opinion, my Lord?

Birkie. Oh—it's baurbarous—there's nae doubt about that. But I man succumb. I got intill a terrible scrape the last time I was out—an' it's no' forgotten yet.

Hairb. May I venture to ask the nature of it?

Birkie. Whae — I suspek I got fuddled — that's the first end o't — but neither the last nor the warst :—I lost my watch !

Hairb. Your watch ?

Birkie. An' after waitin a dielfu' time, an' incurrin a vast o' trouble an' expense—had to pay five pound to get it back again; an' glad I was that it was na waur.

Hairb. Worse, my Lord ? I think it coud hardly have been much worse.

Birkie. Am of a verra different opinion ; an' sae will ye too, if ye ever happen to be placed as I am. Suppose some *jaud* had gotten it — the dear kens hoo ! — an' made a warld's won'er of a fallow, afore gi'en it up !

Hairb. Oh ! — but of course your Lordship woud steer clear of that — ?

Birkie. Wha kens, Harry ? Wha kens ? — When I'm a wee bit saftered, I coud be friens wi' a' the warl, an' his wife.

Hairb. Particularly the wife.

Birkie. Weel, weel ! — sae ye see a man might ha' lost it verra innocently, an' yet in a way to gie a warld o' trouble.

Hairb. But how had your Lordship lost it at all ?

Birkie. That's a mystery. I coud never find that out. A cam' hame quite weel as I thought. But it was ane o' your Bachelor Parties; an' there's aye some screw loose in thae places. They had forgotten the hawm for the fowl, or it was na gude; so I took beef, cauld beef ye ken, instead; and the beef man hae been teugh, or the claret had been o'er cauld, or something or other; so verra soon after I got hame, I got sick it seems; sick as a dougue! (dog) an' about day-light, I fund mysel in bed alane — an' no' in a verra bonny pickle.

Hairb. You must have been regularly clayed.

Birkie. In effect — in effect; — tho' in fact, I had ta'en little; But I own that Drunky had been my neist neighbour. When mornin' cam' I discovered my ither losses; an' am free to own, I coud ha'e wished things ony way but as they were.

Hairb. And how did you recover the thing at last ?

Birkie. That's as great a mystery. This only is certain, I saw it come hame mysel — in just sic a blackguard lookin' article, as ane o' thae *jauds* woud keep her trinkets in, an' wi' a maist

execrable address! — and I was terrified out o' my life, that the mistress shoud a' thought it was a woman's haund!

Hairb. And you're sure it was no joke?

Birkie. Wha by?

Hairb. Oh! — suppose her ladyship?

Birkie. My wife! Gude sake, speak na o' that! — Na, na — she's nae joker — I wis she were! — But I hear her comin' this way, an' ye man be discreet; for ye see I ha'e had a sair to plaster, an' it's ony thing but weel.—

Lady B. *enters.*

Mr Hairbrain, my dear.

Lady B. Oh! I have seen the gentleman before. (*Sits.*) So the minute you get your head out of the Session, you wish to rush into the vanities of the Vacation? And having no wife of your own, you wish to torment the wives of other men, by carrying away their husbands?

Hairb. A cheerful dinner with old friends, before separating, my lady—

Lady B. Married men have nothing to do with such cheerfulnesses.

Hairb. Madam!—

Lady B. Particularly if they cannot take care of themselves; and his Lordship knows whether he can ask me to take his word upon *that* subject.

Lord B. I was just tellin' my friend Harry about that disaster. But ye shouldna be sae hard. Ye ken it was the beef.

Lady B. Beef? Does beef make people drunk?

Lord B. Especially if the beef was teugh — which it man ha'e been in this case: As teugh as an auld badger.

Lady B. We'll not risk it to-night. You are never the worse of what you get at home, even if it should be a word of advice; and Harry! that you may not laugh at your neighbours, I'll give *you* a word of advice.

Hairb. You'll exceedingly honour me, Madam.

Lady B. More than you have done by any advice you have ever yet had:—You are growing an old fellow now.—

Hairb. I regret it exceedingly.

Lady B. You should take the hint ; be wise, and an example to younger men — and take a wife.

Hairb. Marry, and make an example of myself!—

Lord B. Ye have her *there* Harry!

Lady B. *Has he?* Is *every* married man an example?

Lord B. I didna say that.

Lady B. But you meant it.

Hairb. My Lady, I say, with the utmost humility, that he ought to be it. But may I ask your Ladyship your opinion of the doctrine of original fun?

Lady B. I hate it! and whatever impudence you, either of you, intend in this instance, I shall make an example of one of you, for once. He stays at home, to-night.

Hairb. Would your Ladyship have them say of a Judge, that he had gone to the grey-mare school?

Lord B. Od's cause, be discreet, Harry!— It'll no' do!— Besides I'm nae sure, but noo that they ha'e made me a judge—

Hairb. A judge can never be injured by having the hearts of his practitioners.

Lord B. D' ye ken, it tak's mair brains to sustain yoursel o'er a bowl, than it does upon the bench.

Hairb. Your Lordship need fear neither.

Lady B. To make a long story short, you must find somebody else to amuse yourself with for *this* night.

Hairb. I bet your Ladyship five pounds, you don't detain our friend to-night!

KATE BIRKIE. — (*Entering.*)

Done! for mamma, Harry.

Hairb. Ah!

Kate. How are you, *Mr* Hairbrain?

Hairb. How are you, *Miss* Hairbrain. I wish I could say *Mistress!*

Lord B. Tak' care, Harry! Ill's soon done.

Lady B. That's a very polite speech, my Lord, both as regards your daughter and me!

Kate. Burnt bairns dread the fire, Mammy!

Lady B. You generally improve things the wrong way.

Kate. Don't be so snappish, Mammy. Ye ken it's no' *your nature* — at least you say so — *till it was spoiled by marriage!* Now only think: I am now a *young woman, getting up in years*, and Mr Hairbrain is a man of observation: and if he always sees the old ones snapping at one another, he may think I'm a bird of a bad nest. More foolish conclusions have been come to.

Lady B. Catherine, have done.

Kate. There again! — For d' ye know, Harry, whenever my father speaks English, or my mother calls *me* Catherine, there's a storm brewing. But clear up both of you. Be cheerful, hang ye! as Jemmy Cursall says, or I shall take Harry at his word, and ask him to take me with him!

Hairb. I am ready, without asking.

Kate. Well! — I have heard less pleasant things said. But I fear you had better take my father with you.

Hairb. It is precisely what I want; but her Ladyship won't allow it.

Kate. Mammy!

Lady B. Pshaw! he wants to have him to some roistering party.

Kate. Oh! a party?

Hairb. Only that at present; but, without prejudice, always —

Kate. I understand; and whatever other people may say, I acknowledge that *I* think, that you can, when you like, say very pleasant things. So mother, why need you fly out? All in good time.

Lady B. Stuff.

Kate. My bonny mitherie! Ye ken ye have a most terrible temper! Indeed, ye're what, in joke, they call an absolute hempey! —

Lady B. Your impertinence is a proof of that.

Kate. If your temper were but as sweet as your face —

Lady B. Stuff, stuff!

Kate. (*To her father.*) *Has been.*

Lord B. Hah, hah!

Kate. Ay. Chuckle ye there, and be proud of your good-humoured lassie; but, at the same time, *never forget the lassie's mither!* You'll never pay your debt to *her*, my mannie, though ye mayna just be sensible o' t.

Lord B. The lassie's daft.

Kate. Ay! She's the ane that can keep you right, papy — whether you like it or no'. But shouldn't you be ashamed, that with all the wiping your wife gives you, like Phil Dudeen's knives, you are never *clean*? — And shouldn't *you* be ashamed, mammy, that with my imperturbable temper always before you, *you* are *sometimes disturbed*?

Lady B. I hope, girl, you may soon know the difference between playing a part in life, and playing the fool.

Kate. I am perfectly ready, mammy! Thanks to your upbringing. Meantime, I am thinking what to say of this party, Harry; and I fear that as a responsible minister, I cannot advise her majesty to accede. He has fallen into a way lately, of getting drunk upon beef.

Lord B. Katie! Katie!

Kate. And really the last time he took his beef *too strong*, I thought we should have lost him. Now this, as Jemmy Potter says, in threatening to prosecute a client, would neither be pleasant nor agreeable.

Hairb. I yield me and obey; but I tell you truly, that

“ You've ta'en away
The life o' the building.”

Lord B. It'll no' do, Harry. So gang awa, an' come an' tell us a' about it the morn.

Kate. Ay, come and take the Englishman's favourite dish — pot-luck.

Hairb. *That's in retentis*, in all events.

Kate. Under protestation to add and eik, upon our part. Then good-bye, Harry, an' less wit and mair sense t' ye!

Hairb. Same to you, my dear madam, same to you.

Kate. The only sensible thing you have said since we met.

Hairb. Well, we'll not differ *now*; I *hope there's a good time coming*. (*Goes.*)

Kate. Thank you! (*She also goes.*)

Lord B. Poor fules!

Lady B. There *surely* have been greater. But I wonder, my Lord, you would think of these ploies now. All very well for Harry Hairbrain and the like of him, or even for Sir James

Gimcrack, or the Earl of Puggie. Every hour of this kind of foolery is found money to *them*. They have no dignity to maintain, but you are differently situated.

Lord B. I feel that! And d'ye think I wad gang for the revelry?

Lady B. Indeed I think you are just like your neighbours.

Lord B. It maun surely gie ye *pleasure*, to think your husband a fule!

Lady B. Far from it.

Lord B. I said I likit to meet an auld freend — I said they are gettin' fewer than I wish.

Lady B. And have you not young friends, and a young family, rising up about you in their stead?

Lord B. I wonder to hear ye.

Lady B. Oh, you do? — A devoted wife, and a fine family, are *nothing* to a man of a certain turn?

Lord B. Would you ha'e them *every thing*?

Lady B. Almost.

Lord B. A bonny selfish brutt ye wad ha'e me.

Lady B. My Lord! my Lord! — The man that loves and provides for his family, does the best part that a man can do; and depend upon it, that in a moment of pain or difficulty, you would think little of any thing else, and little would any else think of you.

Lord B. I'm of a different opinion; an' even if the world's as selfish as you think it, I wad rather *no'* be convinced that ye are correck.

Lady B. And this you call interchange of sentiments?

Lord B. A reckon sae.

Lady B. In short, you wish to break up the colloquy?

Lord B. Oh no; only *I* ha'e dune.

Lady B. And so, of course, should I. [Exit.

Lord B. Humph! No' that there's no a great deal in what she says; but are we to be buried afore we're dead? — Can a chiel think o' naething but ae thing? — I wadna care if I were dead mysell, if I hadna a pleasure in seeing that others are living.

Enter PHIL, bearing a note.

Phil. A letter, your Reverence, from a young woman!

Lord B. Ye should speak a little louder, and carry the letter to your mistress at ance.

Phil. I will, your honour. [Exit.

Lord B. Ah! halloah! — Peter! Andrew! Jock! what the mischief's his name! The scoundrel! (*Rings with violence.*) Was ever a man sae plaguit, between a blockhead of a servant, and a brimstane of a wife!

PHIL returning.

Ye villain! where ha'e ye been!

Phil. Delivering the letter, your honour!

Lord B. Was it for your mistress or me?

Phil. Sure you desired me to deliver it to my Lady.

Lord B. Did I no' ca' ye back the instant, sirrah?

Phil. I heard you call hilloh!

Lord B. Well?

Phil. Sure that's not my name, your Reverence! — My name is Phil — Phil Dudeen — sometimes get Phillipped.

Lord B. The deevil phillip ye wi' a beetle! But as ye ha'e dune a' the ill ye can this turn, ye may dicht yer neb an' flee up.

Phil. Fly up, your Reverence!

Lord B. Gae down stairs, ye villain, and let me see nae mair o' ye!

Lady B. (*Entering.*) Not for a few minutes.

Lord B. As I judged!

Lady B. (*To Phil.*) You got this letter from a young woman?

Phil. (*Looking at Lord B.*) Yes! I think she was; at least not so old as your Majesty.

Lady B. I dare say not.

Phil. Any way, he bade me carry it up to your Ladyship — quite undependent; as much as to say, *he* could have nothing to say to women young or old, let alone your Ladyship.

Lady B. Then why did he rate you?

Phil. Rate me? — Faith I don't know, unless it's a way that he has. But if the letter's not pleasant, sure I can return it by the bearer.

Lady B. Who is this person, my Lord?

Lord B. Hoo can I ken, when I never sae muckle as saw the

letter at a distance? That blockhead carried it up without leave or licence.

Phil. Well, I never! I see there's no use putting butter in *your* stir-about, my baby.

Lord B. Will ye haud yer gabb?

Phil. Your Ladyship, he wishes to make out a story again' some on us! — He desired me to carry it up to your Ladyship as *undependent* as a prince, and as if he did n't care a devil who it was from! He did.

Lady B. Who is this person, my Lord? She is asking money, and in very peculiar circumstances; very dangerous circumstances, your Lordship's situation considered.

Lord B. Will ye order me a strait jacket! — will ye tak' lodgings for me at Stane-dyke-head, at £30 a-year, or five-and-twenty, without coal or can'le? — Do ony thing in this wide warld, but dinna deave me wi' yer tongue!

Lady B. I'm sure I'm very mild, my Lord.

Lord B. Mild! — Ye could sneer a man to death, I believe, wi' a smile upo' your countenance, when ye tak' that way o't.

Lady B. I thank you, my Lord! — At least you'd better see the person. — Come this way, young woman.

(LADY W. enters disguised as before.)

This letter sufficiently explains that you want money.

Lady W. Yea — yea — ye-s!

Lady B. Don't cry, but answer me: — And you consider yourself to have a right to insist in this?

Lady W. Ye-ss.

Lady B. Have you no answer, my Lord?

Lord B. Naething but this, that I ken naething about it!

Lady W. He — he — he *may* know.

Lord B. It's a lee, ye limmer! I ken naething about it — nor about you; — never saw ye before to my kennin', an' noo that I do see ye, I wis ye war far aneuch.

Lady B. Don't be rude, my Lord; she is still a woman. — My advice to you, young woman, is, to correspond through a Solicitor; and, as a friend of this gentleman and his family, I recommend that he be respectable and prudent, or he may do more ill than he intends.

Lady W. Mr Cursall's my adjutant !

Lady B. You could not have a better nor a worse. (*To Lord B.*) You'll be unfrocked ! No decent Judge will sit on the bench with you ! (*To Lady W.*) Go ! and never darken these doors again.

Lady W. Tha-ank you, my Lady ; I wish I had known you had been so good !

Lady B. I require no compliments from *you* ! — All I have to say is, go, and never let me see you more.

Lady W. Ye — ye-s. (*Lady W. curtsies and exit.*)

Lady B. And now, my Lord, you look pale. Have you nothing to say ? Nothing ? — Well, I must speak myself ; — and it is to say first, I am sorry for you, for myself, and your family ; and next, that I'll do nothing rashly, *for their sake*. In the meantime, you may now go and dine where you please ; for until I have considered this matter *well*, I would rather be alone. — Robbie ! Robbie !

[*Exit.*]

Lord B. Come back ! — Come back, I say, woman ! — No, she's gane ! (*Seeing Phil.*) Ye infernal villain ! are ye there yet ? Gang out o' my sight, or I may be tempted to end ye ! (*Phil goes.*) Was there ever sic an unfortunate deevil ? A bonny endin' o' the Session for ance ! Dine whare ye please ! Ye ha'e spoiled my dinner for ae day. A may as weel gang out and be meeserable, however, as stay in an' be meeserable ; — an' I daresay Harry's as likely to be of use as anither, an' there's nae time to be lost. — A won'er wha the brimstane can be ? An' of a' the wins that ever blew, what blast drave her here ? However ! (*Putting on his hat with both hands.*)

[*Exit.*]

PHIL *entering.*

Phil. Well ! I never seen nor heerd of a dacent boy in a more completer scrape, nor that poor old Lordship ! — I do bless all the saints this day, that I'm not a blackguard Lord ! I'll clane my knives with a better heart this night any how. Och hone ! och hone ! — what a happy thing it is to have nothin' to answer for ! By all the haythen gods and goddesses, an' ducks an' little fishes, this is the worst job a boy could be *in*, provided he is *found out*. (*Rap at the street door.*) I can't say you're without a *rap*, any how. It's a wonder you don't sport your *ring* at the

same time. (*Another rap.*) There! do that again, and see if I won't astonish you! [*Exit.*]

Re-entering with SIR THOMAS WILDGOOSE.

Sir Thos. Is the family at home?

Phil. No; my Lordship has just gone out, for some time I'm thinking; and the rest of us are in grief.

Sir Thos. Any one dead?

Phil. No; not dead, any how.

Sir Thos. Is my Lady at home?

Phil. She is, and the young lady:—Do you wish to see them both at the same time?

Sir Thos. No; my Lady only. [*Gives a card, and exit Phil.*]

Sir Thos. (*Alone.*) It's clear his Lordship dines out, and I have never known her Ladyship to make parties in his absence; and yet that puppy said he should meet Lady W. here. There has been a mystery about Lady W. this morning, and now I think of it, for many mornings. She seems no longer to *wish* to see me; she seems to have found some other amusements, in which she has no desire that I should take part. Now, all this precisely has happened with myself; but it is so much more natural in a man to find pleasure in out-door amusements.—

PHIL returning.

Phil. Pray, sur, may I have the goodness to inquire, have you been guilty of any of the mortal sins?

Sir Thos. What do you mean, sir?

Phil. Sweetheartin' without a licence; forsaking your natural begotten wife;—dolley-mopery of any description!—All them are sins that are veynial with some—mortal with others; and if you can lay your hand upon your heart, an' say them sins are mine, this is no place for you, as I could instance to you, if it wur convaynient!

Sir Thos. Is your lady at home?

Phil. I—I should *think* she is, for I seen her with my *eyes*; but *she says she is not*, and its rayther a bold thing to differ from a lady, you understand?

Sir Thos. Did you give her my card?

Phil. Is it the ticket you mean?

Sir Thos. Yes.

Phil. I did ; but I should n't think it was any letter of recommendation, for she threw it in my face—hot me there, sur!—and said in the most deliberate and limphatic manner——

Sir Thos. Emphatic.

Phil. Em—— what, sur ?

Sir Thos. Emphatic.

Phil. Any way, she said very distinctly and perpendicularly, “*Not at home!*”——and seemed to think that I should be of the same opinion. So that either she don't like you, or she is afraid you are looking for dinner, or it's the fashion among the quality to treat their friends as they like.

Lady B. (*Entering.*) Sir Thomas, is it you ? I did not wish to be at home to any one, for very particular reasons ; but I have seen by your not going, that this booby is exposing us as usual.

Sir Thos. Your Ladyship seems moved and disconcerted. If so, I am sorry I have intruded.

Lady B. Oh ! you know enough of marriage, I suppose, not to be surprised at an *occasional* uneasiness ; and, in short, to be explicit with you, as it may do you good, his Lordship has been behaving as *you too often do*, and I cannot afford to behave as your Lady does ; so I have requested him to withdraw from this house till I can be otherwise disposed of, and I trust you will pardon me, if in such circumstances I would rather have been alone.

Sir Thos. And he is gone ?

Lady B. He is gone, sir.

Sir Thos. Well, I have no intention of defending any irregularity of any kind.

Lady B. It would ill become you *in particular*, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thos. But Lord Birkieshillock has *so many* great qualities——

Lady B. Does the possession of talents in his profession, and even the due application of them, absolve a man from the necessity of possessing any other estimable qualities ? I suppose it is upon this principle that *you* seem to think, that a man has only to have *an estate*, to have no quality whatever, either good or bad ; or rather, that it is an excuse for the absence of every good quality, and the presence of all bad ones. Now, *I* think, that rank is disgraced by the presence of even *inferior abilities*, and that bad conduct in addition, should exclude the individual from society.

Sir Thos. You are severe, my Lady.

Lady B. Not half as you deserve. And now that you think fit to take up the defence of such conduct, and I suppose have come from the Individual——

Sir Thos. I beg pardon, my Lady.—If you mean my Lord, I have not only not come from him, but I have not even seen him for many days, and I am ignorant of every circumstance to which you allude.

Lady B. So much the better for you both.

Sir Thos. On the contrary, I came rather on the subject of grievances of my own, and exceedingly similar to what your Ladyship seems to complain of.

Lady B. I thought they would come at last. What are they?

Sir Thos. Why—but I think the servant still waits.

Lady B. (*To Phil.*) Go. (*Phil goes.*) Well?

Sir Thos. Was Lady W. to dine here to-day?

Lady B. I never heard of it.

Sir Thos. Nor any gentleman of her and your acquaintance?

Lady B. Certainly not. What next?

Sir Thos. Why, a gentleman called on Lady W. to-day—I may add, a gentleman whom I did not expect to find of her acquaintance; and finding her absent, he, as it would seem, by way of excuse, said it was of no consequence, as he should see her at dinner here.

Lady B. Well?

Sir Thos. Well;—from several circumstances, it occurred to me—I am sure I can't say why—to call here and ascertain the truth of this, and perhaps the circumstances of this acquaintance.

Lady B. And who is the gentleman?

Sir Thos. Why, he is certainly hardly worth naming; but it is Lieutenant the Honourable, (as we must call him), Thomas Scamper.

Lady B. The greatest blackguard going, as I understand. But does this give *you* any uneasiness?

Sir Thos. Can you doubt it?

Lady B. Why I almost doubt my own senses when I hear you ask the question. Lady W. is a fine woman—most people think so, and I decidedly think so; but have you ever acted as *you* did? From the moment that you have been married to her

you have neglected her, and made her the most contemptible thing *you can* make her—a despised wife; I hope she will always have sense and virtue enough not to make herself any thing worse—that is to say, a despicable one. But be that as it may, *you could* have no reason to complain.

Sir Thos. You surprise me, madam!

Lady B. No right in the world, sir, but the contrary. For now that you bring me to it, I must tell you, you are a *monster*, and deserve to be treated accordingly. You have ruined the prospects of a fine young woman, by making her the wife of a bad and *despicable husband!* For that, sir, you should be ashamed, ay, as much as if you had made her the wife of the most dishonourable of his sex;—for what *are* you but a man *perjured?* But you seem not contented with that; for now that you fear the betrayed and unhappy creature seems to be looking to herself only, you appear to think, *not of righting her*, but of ruining her outright!—And this can only proceed from a malice as selfish, or a stupidity as ungenerous, as your other conduct to her has been unmanly and base.

Sir Thos. You astonish me! Am I not to look after my own honour, madam?

Lady B. A man that behaves as you have done, forfeits all claim to be considered to *have* honour. Your honour should have consisted in behaving properly to the woman you have married; or if you could not do that, in enabling her to quit you, and make another choice. You have done neither. I hope from my heart she may escape the fate you are preparing for her. If *I* can meet her, she shall not want my warning, my advice, my assistance, my protection; for if I have not her other qualities, I have at least more firmness, and a stronger sense, I doubt not, of her rights and my own, and of the demerits of yourself and all like you! *I* have determined to punish a bad husband, and I'll do it; but I will neither punish *myself* at the same time, nor even ruin *him*; or rather, now that I see *you*, and think of your past conduct and your present, bad as he is, I consider him an angel of light to you; and for that and for his family's sake, it would give me no trouble, *comparatively*, to shake hands with him, and bid him go and be a fool no more! But you!—But your time is coming. The excuse given you, had no meaning that it

was intended you should understand; but it doubtless *had* a meaning—a distinct meaning—and one that makes you the go-between of the parties you would detect and punish.

Sir Tho. Madam, I know your intelligence and your firmness. (*Lady B. bows.*) I came to you expecting at least respect and sympathy.

Lady B. How could you expect either, from a woman that has any sense of right?

Sir Tho. You have not heard what I wish to do by Lady W.

Lady B. Do you wish to recover her good opinion and affections — if they can be recovered?

Sir Tho. Is there no punishment due, even for but wavering *in thought*?

Lady B. No! — The punishment ought to be entirely yours, for *your conduct* has led to *her transgression*. She must be *far gone indeed*, if she is not as good as *you* are!

Sir Tho. And yet you never hinted at any disrespect like this before?

Lady B. Why should I? While *your wife* endured you, I for *her sake* endured you. But are you so silly as to believe, that every one that behaves civilly to a fool, *respects* him? I might have my own opinion of *your wife's* endurance; but I had no right to interfere. I should have been branded as an intermeddler. But now you have put yourself in my power; and, instead of feeling sensible of your own errors, you seem to think of yourself only as an immaculate man, and your wife as the sole defaulter; and can you expect I should not tell you the truth? *You alone are to blame*, and you are deeply and dreadfully to blame. Go home, humbled and penitent! and endeavour to retrace your steps, and regain the affections you have *so foolishly* cast away! *Do this or nothing*; or not only shall *I* despise you, but all the world should despise you!

Sir Tho. (*Falling on his knee and grasping her hand.*) Madam! You have hurt me exceedingly, and I think done me injustice; but I willingly admit that you have also done me good. I will think better of this matter, and more kindly of the unfortunate subject of both our thoughts. May I entreat you then to recall at least a part of your cruel sentence.

Lady B. I must first see how you merit it.

Sir Tho. I will merit it. I promise it on my honour and on my life! I entreat you, continue *her friend*; and let me hope that in due time you will be *mine*! (*Kisses her hand.*)

Enter PUMPKIN and WAGGERY, followed by HAIRBRAIN and KATE.

Pumpk. What! We're got into a church!

(*Sir Tho. Starts up.*)

Pumpk. How are you, my Lady? Hope we don't intrude?

Lady B. Not in the least, as *I* am concerned; Sir Thomas may think he ought to be rather better protected, by the presumed privacy of a gentleman's residence.

Sir Tho. It is a misfortune that those who have not entered life, can have little idea of the interests and feelings that agitate those who have.

Wag. In short, we have been intruding, as *Sir Thomas is concerned*; and as we only wished to pay our respects to Lady B.—being in the house——

Pumpk. Quite clear we ought to be off: set of wild beasts going loose. Good morning my Lady.

[*Exit — bowing to the others.*]

Wag. Good morning! Morning, Sir T.! Ah! [*Exit.*]

Hairb. Miss Catherine will bear me witness, that understanding your Ladyship to be engaged, I had no intention of presenting myself; therefore, if any error has been committed, I am free. [*Exit.*]

Sir Tho. I have only to repeat the entreaty I have just made, and to follow these very mannerly gentlemen. [*Bows and exit.*]

Kate. Why, what is all this, mother?

Lady B. You have seen it all.

Kate. But what brought Sir Thomas on his knees? and to you, who have always despised and disliked him?

Lady B. My very strong expression of that disliking and contempt. I have at last taken the opportunity he offered, of telling him my mind; and you see he has had the good sense to wish to alter my opinion.

Kate. And that man—that sleepy—slovenly—good for nothing,—is serious in seeking the good opinion of any one?

Lady B. More than that, I think you may henceforth hope to see him seeking the good opinion of *his wife!*

Kate. Then are you a worker of miracles!—

Lady B. I have always told you, she spoilt that man by indulgence. I have told him the truth, and I see that he has both sense and feelings.

Kate. I never at least saw him look more like a man of sense and a gentleman.

Lady B. I hope he is roused. Have you caused the shutters of my room to be closed?

Kate. I have.

Lady B. Then I have nothing farther to interrupt my misery—till tea time! And I desire you'll remember and not disturb me.

Kate. Certainly not, mammy.

Lady B. Oh the mad, mad man! Oh ho, ho, ho, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Winter's Tavern.*

Enter HAIRBRAIN and WILL WINTER—WILL with a towel under his arm, and in the constant attitude of setting off on a trot.

Hairb. Well, WILL!

Winter. Hoo are ye, sir?—Hoo are ye? Glad to see you after a' the toils o' the session.

Hairb. Yes, Will, another Session is over.

Winter. An' a terrible Session it has been for mony ane, nae doot.

Hairb. No doubt, Will; but somehow people always get through that and every thing else.

Winter. That's true—ae way or ither; but hard wark, especially when they ha'e to deal wi' the like o' you. Icod, I wad

rather rin twa hunder times a-day to a cellar for twenty year,* as I'm sure I ha'e dune for the last ten, than encounter *ae* Session o' a Court o' Law.

Hairb. You would make more by it, Will, especially if you were to be the patient.

Will. Na, od! patient or nae patient; deil a me if I wad ken whilk end o' me was uppermost, wi' your ringin' o' bells, an' rinnin' here an' rinnin' there — pleadin' this an' pleadin' that — yer summonses and your interlocutors, replies, duplies, and hail process! — an' a' to a day — an sic lees as ye tell! —

Hairb. Yes, Will; a case is nothing but like a fiddle, as it is played upon.

Will. Hah, deil play them, say I! Hooever, that's nae business o' mine; only mony ane gets o'er the fingers wi't.

Hairb. Yes! as my dear friend, Jamie Cursall, says to a losing client, and says truly — “Ye canna *baith* win.” Have ye got married yet, Will?

Will. Na, thank ye! — ane's anew i' the family; an' as Tam's the head o' the firm like, and consequently the gentleman, I leave a' thae things to him — *I* ha'e plenty to do forbye.

Hairb. Any body come yet?

Will. Nae just the hour. (*Pulling out his watch.*) But my Lord has been here some time.

Hairb. My Lord! I am delighted to hear *that*.

Will. Ay; wishes to see *you* preevately, as soon as you come.

Hairb. Why did n't you tell me?

Will. Ye hinna been lang here. This way, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Another apartment in Winter's tavern.*

BIRKIE *alone.*

Lord B. (*As Hairbrain enters.*) Come awa', Harry man, an' sit doon here, an' speak solidly an' rationally, an' no be makin' a fule o' us.

Hairb. No occasion for *that*, my Lord.

Lord B. Ay; ye're aye haein' me, Harry; but sit doon.

* So primitive were their arrangements at this time, that any house was made a tavern, and they had cellars perhaps far distant.

Hairb. I little expected this pleasure, my Lord, but it is a very great one.

Lord B. Ye ha'e it a' to yoursel, Harry; I ha'e nane o't.

Hairb. What's the matter, my Lord? Any thing happened?

Lord B. Muckle mischief has happened, an' that, ye ken, is nae little. I hardly ken hoo to begin to tell ye; but this is certain, I've been turned out!

Hairb. Turned out!

Lord B. Nae less, Harry! But, to gie the auld chield his due, she was verra quiet, puir thing! — But I fear it's a *black heat*, an' that, ye ken, is the warst heat.

Hairb. But what has happened, my Lord?

Lord B. That confounded beef again, I reckon.

Hairb. I'm quite at a loss.

Lord B. Ye maunna speak o'd, Harry, for it's nae joke:—A jaud cam' seekin' siller—that's a'!—an' to the verra door too; an' that blockhead of a servant carried the letter up stairs!

Hairb. Seeking money? For what, my Lord?

Lord B. Wha kens? Inlyin', a reckon.

Hairb. You astonish me!

Lord B. I was astonished mysel.

Hairb. But your Lordship surely did not submit to the imputation?

Lord B. What could I do?

Hairb. Why, you surely don't mean to admit the possibility?—

Lord B. Hoot, Harry!

Hairb. Your Lordship can surely have no doubt of the falsity of—of any accusation like that?

Lord B. 'Od, Harry, I believe ye're as great a fule as if ye were a woman!

Hairb. Oh! I beg pardon. (*Aside.*) I have you now—and I'll hold you!

Lord B. It maun ha'e been that beef, ye ken!—I maun ha'e been fou'; at least, that's the best that can be said.

Hairb. I see.

Lord B. An' fortunately, if the warst comes to the warst, *it's no' hangin'*. But hoo to get o'er it *best*, an' aboon a', to get it out o' the wife's head, fou' or no fou', that's the point we maun consider; for she swears for a separation.

Hairb. Impossible!

Lord B. Fack! — Noo, the truth is, I sometimes think that should be nae great hardship; an' yet, when it comes to the push I find I wadna like it. I didna think I likit her sae weel!

Hairb. Rather than that should happen your Lordship speaks of, I would — do almost any thing.

Lord B. I thought ye would, Harry. — Ye're a gude chiel! — Man, an' 'twere na for yer Whiggery, there's naebody o' yer age that I would like sae weel.

Hairb. Tut! the whole of a *family* should n't be upon one side.

Lord B. Family, Harry? What d' ye mean about family?

Hairb. Suppose me to become a little more nearly related?

Lord B. Wha, Katie? Oh, Harry man, be wise! — I doot ye're nae a saunt mair than mysel, an' thae tricks mak' a terrible jumble in matrimony! Katie's a gude lassie, Harry — a gude lassie; but that should only mak' us the maer cowtious. Aboon a' things, if you should ever be in that way, *keep yer character*; for if that's ance lost, they'll believe *every thing that's ill o' ye, and naething that's gude*. Ye even begin, as ye see, to mistrust yersel! — an' it's a great folly.

Hairb. My Lord —

Lord B. Na, na, ye maun get quit o' yer tricks first, an' aboon a', o' yer Whiggery. It's a puir trade, Harry — pawtriotism's a puir trade! The best o' patriotism for a puir man, is something he can put in his pouch! — I mean honestly, of course. — But as to our present deil-himmé (dilemma.)

Hairb. I'm ready to do *any thing* that may *completely solder* the matter.

Lord B. Weel, that's friendly — that's friendly. What wad ye think o' takin' wi' the bairn yersel!

Hairb. Nothing would hinder me, but the wish to have a good name with Miss Katie.

Lord B. I'll speak till 'er mysel, if need be — throw in an odd thousand may be, into the settlements.

Hairb. Could you not say the word then, as you are yourself concerned? Let it be understood between *us*?

Lord B. No the noo — no just the noo; I wadna like to connect it wi' sic a blackguard affair.

Hairb. Hem!—Then how stands this matter? Have you admitted or denied?

Lord B. There is a hitch there, Harry; for I was ta'en sae o' the sudden, I said neither meevoock nor mavoock; neither buff nor stye!

Hairb. That was bad.

Lord B. I was bumbased! It cam' like a thunder-clap! an' just at the tail o' a quarrel.

Hairb. It could have done no harm to have denied it at least.

Lord B. That may do for the neist time, but what's to be done the noo?

Hairb. I have it—I have it.

Lord B. Let's hear, man!

Hairb. You thought it a very good opportunity for getting out to dine with your friends!

Lord B. Od, I believe ye're right, Harry! A'll be hanged if ye're no' right; an' dine wi' ye I shall, an' that royally; for, between oursels, I was in a deevil of a funk! If she had gane to the rigour, they might ha' unfrockit me, and that wad a been a terrible affair; but noo I think I can stand the die! But hoo could the quine mak' sic a mistak'?—There comes the deevil again!

Hairb. Why, people often take a travelling name, you know? Your Lordship is known to be fond of—of a joke—I'll say I took *your name*.

Lord B. (*Elated.*) You dog! (*Relapsing.*) But it was a great liberty—'od, I'm afraid it wad be o'er great a liberty.

Hairb. Not at all. What! did n't my friend, drucken Jamie, on being found rolling drunk in the streets, hiccup out—“I'm the Lord President, but say naething about it,”—and secure the greatest attention in consequence?

Lord B. The rascal! I hope he had a gude bill to pay for it.

Hairb. And shan't I pay for it?

Lord B. That's true, Harry.—There will be some siller wantit, an' we maun see about it. But might it no' be as weel to ha'e gi'en nae name, an' then the jaud might ha'e followed ye into our hoose?

Hairb. The very thing; and I had just left the house.

Lord B. That's the bit, Harry — that's the bit! Ha! ha! 'od, I'll eat my dinner wi' sic an appetee!

Hairb. But did she not see your Lordship?

Lord B. 'Ad rat her, ay! There comes the muckle black deevil at last! We'll never get out o't wi' fleein' colours, Harry! Never, man, never!

Hairb. Had the vagabond no modesty?

Lord B. I dinna ken what ye mean.

Hairb. Did she look boldly and unblushingly up, and plainly and plumply accuse you?

Lord B. In gude troth I was lookin' twa ways at ance mysel at the time, an' sae I can say vera little about that; but on the whole, and to do the jaud justice, I think she was dung near about as stupid as I was.

Hairb. Then, I think *that* 'll do.

Lord B. Plague on ye, Harry!

Hairb. The bairn is mine!

Lord B. Ye're a gude chiel! — Ye're a vera gude chiel, an' I'll no' forget it. Noo, as a burn becomes aye the langer the waur, an' I would fain let the puir body the mistress, get a sleep — an' to own a truth, ha'e a chance for a sleep mysel, — what suppose I gie you the siller, an' ye write a bit note, saying that ye had heard o' sic a thing, an' was sorry, an' sic like; but gude sake let na on that ye heard it frae me!

Hairb. Leave all that to me.

Lord B. But is it gay weel sortit noo, think ye, Harry?

Hairb. Decidedly.

Lord B. I think sae — I really think sae. Then a' that I ha'e to say is, ye maun tak' some care o' the bairn. Ane wadna like to *suspeck* even, that their flesh an' blude might be shiverin' wi' cauld, an' we weel an' warm.

Hairb. Certainly not.

Lord B. Or that it should steal and be hanged!

Hairb. Terrible!

Lord B. If it's a loon, ye maun mak' a *writer* o'd — something that can tak' care o' itsel; but dinna breed it a *Whig*, Harry, or I'll be like to fell ye! (kill you.)

Hairb. Oh, no! Patriotism is only for the *purest* spirits.

Lord B. Harry, Harry, man, dinna vex me at the last. If ye were a Lord or a Duke, ye might be a patriot, or a pugilist, or ony thing that wad help to get rid o' a useless life; but oh, man! he serves a bad paymaster that serves the public, except it be in an established trade. Ye may live by preachin' or by cobblin' — pickin' holes in a law plea, or sowtherin' them up, because they're acknowledged professions; but patriotism! doin' gude for gude's sake — for gude's sake, never think o't; it gars a man be thocht a fule! Whereas your mere idiot that but minds the main chance, gets into wealth and influence, fathers himsel maybe upon the State at last, an' tho' naturally a moon-calf becomes your great man.

Hairb. He must be a silly fellow that can't turn GOOD to profit, when so many fools can make profit of meanness and rascality.

Lord B. Weel, upon that principle, Harry;—but dinna forget the profit — for it's the stang o' the trump.

Hairb. Out of respect to my own principles, I shall consider it a point of honour to make them profitable, and *you shall see it.*

Lord B. “I wish I saw it,” Harry, quo' blin' Sanny!

Enter WINTER trotting.

Winter. Ready, gentlemen?

Lord B. I believe we are, Harry, except that bit note.

Hairb. And the consideration. What are they doing, Will?

Winter. 'Od, I believe they're about some pictur' o' Jemmy Trockie's. It had a vera fine inscription, shewing that it was a Principal of a College; and some evil disposed person has putten a ticket on't, sayin' it was only an auld Glasgow barber!

Hairb. Let them dwell upon that for a few minutes, meantime send our crier.

Winter. A'll do sae — a'll do sae. [Exit Winter.]

Hairb. Now the consideration I ventured to hint at, is that little matter about Katie. I exceedingly wish it settled.

Lord B. As I said before, Harry, no' just the noo. I really ken nae impediment, if the lassie be willin'; but I dinna like just to bind mysel the noc. As my freend, Francie Lauder, says, “I'll gie ye *my word of honour*, but I'll no' bin' mysel!”

Ye hinna gotten a Sheriffship yet, nor ony permanent bit thingie whatever.

Hairb. (Aside.) I mark that! Here's a pretty long day, and a very pretty contingency! But I'll punish the vagabond!

Lord B. An' wha's to be king, Harry, in this bit ploy?

Hairb. (Aside.) The Devil!

Lord B. Eh?

Hairb. Oh! your Lordship, of course.

Lord B. Na! That wadna be decorous noo. If it were na that ye're a Whig, I woud say that ye shoud be king yoursel. But oh man! gie some sma' place till a bit Whiggie, if they're no' a' haunged! I wad like to get a laugh at the creatur!

Hairb. Why, I mean to conduct my government entirely upon Whig principles.

Lord B. I wonder to hear ye, Harry! even though it be but an alehouse frolic! A government consistin' o' independent Whigs, woud be ane of the devil's raeps. The best thing in their case woud be, they coudna hang thegither till they were dead!

Hairb. Give them the power, and they woud hang together till you woud *wish* them dead.

Lord B. An' that wad be the warst o' the twa, Harry!

Hairb. I am sure you woud think so. (*To the Servant.*) John, admit our council.

Serv. Yes, sir!—(*Exit. Then in long sonorous notes, calls us follows.*)

'Stair Andrew Belfrey, of Steeple-head, E—squire!*

(*As they are announced, the gentlemen enter and bow.*)

Sir James Gimcrack, Baronet, of Old-Kettle-Hall!

Right Honourable the Earl of Puggie, and Baron of Fiddle-Faddle!

Sir Thomas Wildgoose, Baronet, of Gander-Hall!

Right Honourable the Earl of Whims!

'Stair James Trockie, of Farthing-Hall, Esquire!

'Stair William Wagbery, of Colley-shangie Place!

James Cursall, *Writ-tar!*

* 'Stair, is the termination of Master or Mr; and the cry here intended is peculiar to the Parliament House, if not now lost even there. JOHN GRAHAM, was perhaps the last of the true breed. He was, like Milton's Nightingale and MANNERS SUTTON—

“Most musical—most melancholy,”

Hairb. (*Standing at a table, where the paraphernalia of a crown, gilt poker, &c. are placed; and near two chairs of state.*) Being a sufficient council, therefore, tell our Caller that he call no more.

Crier. The Queen and her female women, number one — six !

(*Lady W. enters as QUEEN, followed by attendants, and taking her place in one of the chairs, is silently welcomed.*)

Hairb. My Lords and Gentlemen ! In consequence of an event of which you are all aware, the removal of our predecessor to a higher sphere, I have been called to the important situation of your Emperor and King.

Crowd. Long live the King !

Hairb. (*Assuming the crown.*) Let us proceed to business. It is the *law* in ordinary realms, that the king has the choice of his *ministers* ; but the *custom* that he only chooses *one*. That *one*, of course, must be of some *one* opinion ; and the consequence is, he calls about him only parties *of the same opinion*. In this way, the king is only king of a *faction*. We mean to alter all that. We mean to be sovereign of the *entire state*, not of a part of the state only ; to have men of all parties in our government, that all parties may be represented. Satesmen should be like soldiers, ready to serve when called upon, in whatever situation the State, through its legitimate organs, may deem them most fit to occupy. Without this, one of the powers of the state is in abeyance, namely that of the crown ; or worse, it is made the mere instrument of a predominating faction ; and with excellent instruments of government every where around him, the king may be reduced to so many rotten sticks. Therefore, we will lay our commands on whomever we consider best qualified to serve the *state*, not most disposed to serve *themselves* ; and the bond of union in our cabinet shall be, not *their* pleasure but *ours* ; not their interest, or the interest of their allies, but the interest of *the people*, who must pay them all. For this end we have decreed, and do decree as follows : — *First*, All parties are abolished, as being an insult to the State, and a mark of narrowness of understanding. *Second*, The elements formerly split into parties, are henceforth united into one State. — And to conduct the business of this State, we have appointed and do appoint as follows : — The honourable

Robert Lord Birkieshillock, commonly called Lord Birkie, Vicar-General and Keeper of our Great Seal. Right honourable Andrew Belfry, Chancellor of Exchequer, he being beyond all men qualified to turn an actual midge into an oratorical mountain; and that being the especial business of all Chancellors of Exchequer.

Belfry. I thank your Majesty, and do not doubt all my super-eminent qualities will be required, whether in reference to your Majesty's virtues or finances.

Hairb. Sir James Gimcrack, Baronet, Keeper of our Privy Seal; he having the peculiar qualification of being able neither to read, nor write, nor speak.

Sir James. Under sic a load of compliments, it shoud be equally difficult to stand or sit.

Hairb. Right Honourable the Earl of Puggie, Foreign Secretary; he being very much abroad in most of his undertakings.

Puggie. It is great praise in a nobleman, to be found undertaking *any thing*.

Hairb. Sir Thomas Wildgoose, Baronet, Home Secretary; it being very important that *his* thoughts shoud be turned *in that direction*.

Sir Tho. No commands can be necessary to attach me to that department, while it continues to be graced by the presence and the virtues of its present dear sovereign.

Hairb. Right Hon. the Earl of Whims, Colonial Secretary; colonies having from time immemorial been exceedingly fond of whims.

Whims. I shall endeavour to manage that henceforth their whims shall be of the right sort.

Hairb. Right Hon. James Trockie, commonly called Jamie Trockie, Speaker and Manager of our Commons House of Parliament; from his admirable powers of speech, his astonishing attachment to lumber, and wonderful talents in buying and selling it.

Trockie. I wis' I coud sell my lumber, as your Majesty sells your law.

Hairb. The Right Reverend James Cursall, Chaplain in Ordinary; he being much addicted to short prayers.

Cursall. I can say with great truth, *nolo episcopari*, I am utterly unworthy even to bear the name.

Hairb. Well, sorrow for sin is the first step to amendment: I wish every right reverend were in as good a state. This is our decree. The parties may kiss hands, and, above all, pay in the dues of their patents to our Exchequer.

(*They go to get ribands for Stewards, &c.*)

Crier. (*Without.*) Right Honourable His Majesty's Court Fool!—

Enter PUMPKIN in opera hat, &c.

Pumpk. How are you? Nunkie, how are you?—(*Goes to sit down on the throne.*)

Hairb. That is reserved for a *greater* than you, for *this* day.

Pumpk. True, I am only an *ordinary* fool. All places disposed of?

Hairb. All that would suit your talents, we are sorry to say.

Pumpk. Oh! never mind the talents, the salary is the thing. I'm ready for any thing *adequately paid*; and if the duty can be done by deputy, so much the better. Could you not make me a bishop on leave of absence?

Hairb. Sorry to say that department is *full*.

Pumpk. Nor on half-pay?

Hairb. No such thing known, tho' it ought to be.

Pumpk. Um! Coudn't you stick me into some commission of two or three thousand a-year? And leave me to stick the commission when I tire of it?

Hairb. We are going to abolish all unnecessary places.

Pumpk. I understand; pension off enemies and appoint friends, with double salaries, for doing half the duties. Give me something sure to be abolished, and I'll *thank* you. I'll retire upon full pay without a murmur.

Hairb. We are positively going to rule without patronage.

Pumpk. Without what?

Hairb. Patronage.

Pumpk. Patronage!—Why, the thing is a *crime prepense*—a design against the liberties of the people; for if you can't *lead*, you *must drive*. Rule without patronage! Its a *pactum illicitum*. But I see how it is. You think I am a man of *principle*, and therefore, that I despise *interest*; I'll shew you that I am a man of *interest*, and that my interest is my principle.

Hairb. Why, if an opening suitable to your talents—

Pumpk. Don't add insult to injury, if you please! Where were my talents when they were passed over? What is the use of power if it isn't to make people happy? And how so surely make people happy as by a comfortable place? The country should be one universal place!—and not confine the noblest of all human ambitions—that, namely, to serve the country, to the mere pickers and stealers of a court! But if the king has no power to reward merit, the country has; and the rewards of *virtuous popularity* are *far* above any thing in the power of a court. Free and independent Electors of Yelington, I am yours!

Wag. That is too open, brother Peter. Consistency!—

Pumpk. Consistency!—What is consistency? Being once a fool to be always a fool?

Crowd. Hear, hear!

Pumpk. True consistency consists in being truly consistent.

Crowd. Hear!

Pumpk. To steer always to the *same point*, tho' by a thousand shiftings of the sails!

Crowd. Hear, hear, hear!

Pumpk. What *the world* calls consistency, may be the most arrant dishonesty; for it may oblige a man to act in a particular way, tho' he no longer thinks within a thousand miles of it! What *I* call consistency never can, for it is to steer for the *one point*, without minding the process; and that one point, the reputation, preservation, and interest of—the party.

Crowd. Hear, hear, hear!

Pumpk. If every one takes care of himself, the world is taken care of! Surely that is very simple; and if every one is *reputable*, the world is so.

Crowd. Hear, hear!

Pumpk. “Man take care of thyself,” should be the eleventh commandment!

Crowd. Hear, hear, hear!

Pumpk. And, as a young professional man, I consider it my especial duty to follow, and, as a public character, to enforce it. No. The public is a discerning public, tho' it makes *mistakes*. It is a *generous public*,—if you are dead and not likely to discredit its kindness. Therefore, I love the public; whether I do or not, my best course is to praise it, and so we shall most probably

end in praising one another. In the meantime, knowing what its wishes *must be*, towards its true servant, as I profess myself to be, I do no more than my duty to my generous constituent, by steadily and zealously labouring *to serve myself*.

Crowd. Hear, hear, hear!

Pumpk. This is my creed, personal and political; and tho' others may surpass me in zeal, I will yield to *none* in sincerity. If I *said* I preferred the public to myself, I should be a liar! or if I were not a liar, I should be a fool!

Crowd. Hear, hear, hear!

Pumpk. I come, in the last place, to think of my constituents.

Crowd. Hear!

Pumpk. And I will say one thing; and that is, constituents should remember that they *are* constituents, and not absolute monarchs.

Crowd. Bah—Ratting! Going over to *the individual!*

Pumpk. And were I taking leave of them *for ever*, but not before, I should say, mind yourselves!

Crowd. Hear, hear!

Pumpk. Preserve your capital! It is no where so safe as in the hands of those that earned it; and no where less safe, than in the hands of those who could never have earned any thing. No Taxes! they are at best necessary evils. No Tithes! they are good for nothing but enlightening the ignorant, and making every one as intelligent as one's self. Down with all manner of every thing, and up with all manner of every other thing—if you believe that the world was never in its senses till now; and I hold it undoubted, that it must be the opinion of every puppy, on first opening its eyes, that the world has been in darkness till that time, and that it has been a terrible sight!

[*Exit PUMPKIN—And the rest move off, SIR THOMAS giving his arm to LADY W.*]

Lord B. (Looking at them.) Whan cam' that change?

Wag. Very recently, I think; but it shews his tact.

Lord B. What has happened?

Wag. He has only been making love to another gentleman's wife!

Lord B. Havers, sir! The thing's not known in this coun-

try; nor will it be in my days or yours. Some common trumper!

Wag. "Where ignorance is bliss,"—but your Lordship knows the proverb.

Lord B. Is the fallow daft?

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Same Scene.—CURSALL leading in HAIRBRAIN and PUMPKIN by the buttons.

Cursall. Come in, ye buckies! Ye ha'e been excruciating me this half-hour wi' your nonsense, but I have ye noo!

Hairb. What is the matter?

Cursall. Buzziness, and just supervened.

Pumpk. I suppose you remember we must pay for our dinners?—

Cursall. D' ye want me to knock ye doon?

Hairb. What is the case?

Cursall. (*Fumbling in his pockets.*) The case is But I think I ha'e lost my summons! As bad as Fiddle Willie—carried sae mony papers, that he lost a hundred pound stamp in his pouch!

Hairb. Perhaps you have changed your dress?

Cursall. The deevil's in thae dress parties—they shoud never ha'e been creatit!—It is as ye say: However the case is very short.

Pumpk. A woman's?

Cursall. It is, if that be ony recommendation.

Pumpk. Young?

Cursall. Atween the twa, as Davy danced:—About my ain age, I reckon!

Pumpk. Handsome and lady-like, of course?

Cursall. Wha ever heard of a washerwoman being handsome!

Pumpk. Found heiress to a large estate?

Cursall. A vera large yin; the hail estate of sin and misery, wi' a' the improvements!

Hairb. We shall come at the facts of the case at last.

Cursall. Attour, she has lost her gudeman!

Pumpk. Ah! her case is not wholly black.

Cursall. A large family, and nae a bawbee to put i' their heads!

Pumpk. The usual advertisement in all such cases.

Cursall. But puir fallow! Tho' he could do little for them while he lived, I think he has succeeded in brakkin' his neck for their benefit!

Hairb. and Pumpk. (Together.) Ah!

Cursall. Yes! Some masons ha'e been diggin' a found; a sunk area, as I think they ca' it.

Hairb. Ay.

Cursall. I' the middle o' the hie road, an' left it open of course, as every Scotsman does, till he has had experience o' the thing.

Hairb. And your friend has made it an area of his existence?

Cursall. Confound ye, Harry! But I believe you woud pun if ye ware gauin' to be hanged!

Hairb. Very likely; for in that case I should be a subject of *Pun-ishment*.

Cursall. Weel, nae to gar ye ride it to death, and perhaps farther, the honest man fell, and in due time became "a total loss." As the villains are wealthy, I ha'e been gein' them the length of their tether. I have left them wholly to their ain discretion; for when I see ony thing like a wish to be honourable, I'm sic a saft bitch.

Pumpk. No poaching for compliments!

Cursall. Weel a weel. I've sae muckle mischief in me, I ha'e really, I may say, laid a trap for the vagabonds; they have never written nor come near me, and noo their day is out. What think you of the case?

Pumpk. What have you asked?

Cursall. Twa hunder.

Hairb. Was the man sober?

Cursall. As a Judge —

Pumpk. Ought to be, of course?

Cursall. Dinna provoke me.

Pumpk. And they have never written you?

Cursall. No' a scrap of a pen.

Pumpk. Mr Hairbrain?

Hairb. I think there can be but one opinion.

Pumpk. They are liable?

Hairb. Certainly.

Pumph. And have not improved their position by their conduct?

Hairb. Certainly not.

Pumph. Well, if you really ask our opinion, we think the defendants have broken their own necks as well as your friend's.

Cursall. I'm glad to hear ye say sae! I'm delighted to hear ye say sae! An' wi' your good leave, we'll ha'e a meeting to fix the damages the morn. In the meantime, I have been thinkin' about the sevent' figure; an' noo I'm at hame to naebody upon this subject.

Hairb. You are perfectly correct.

Cursall. I wish the puir body the wife coud hear ye! But I man gag ye, baith o' ye, frae bein' against me at least, sae, (*and he tenders money;*) at the same time I'm bund to tell ye it's no' a rich case at present; but if I dinna aye pay, I'll guarantee, at least, what'll keep the pat boilin'——

Pumph. You villain!

Cursall. Eh!

Pumph. You know the easiness of my nature! And that I must keep your rascally counter, or I am not secured; but do you think I have not another to knock you down with? (*Throwing it at him.*)

Cursall. The laddie's gyte!

Pumph. I'll serve you faithfully; *PETRUS affirmat*; but don't insult me. [*Exit. PUMPKIN.*

Cursall. Saw ye ever the like?

Hairb. He is quite right. There must be nothing of this in the meantime. Is the poor man buried?

Cursall. Decently, but nae mair. I did na think I coud avoid that. Ga'e the bairns some duds too, but no' new. I was sorry for the bits o' bairns; but I did na play the fule a' thegither.

Hairb. I am sure you did not. (*Offering money.*)

Cursall. What's that?

Hairb. You shoudn't do every thing.

Cursall. But man! There's mair nor the honorary there!

Hairb. If I gave no more than that, I should give nothing. Mr Pumpkin merely acted on the spur of the moment, but he'll concur with me.

Cursall. Let me look at it, but no touch it, in case I shoud be tempit.

Hairb. You ought not to refuse; it is hardly your right to refuse it; it is for the poor woman, who, after all, may never get any thing else.

Cursall. (*Taking snuff.*) Ye're right! I ha'e nae right to refuse it, unless I mean to mak' it up, which I'm free to own I had nae intention o' doin'.—(*Taking the money.*)—The creature 'ill get a mangle, as she was speakin' o', after a'; an' wha are they that are doin' this? An infernal scooneril of a writer, an' twa rascals o' law-wirs! for that's the way they speak o' us.

Hairb. No matter. I have seen something of the profession for ten years, and am satisfied to be of it.

Cursall. An' I ha'e kent it for mony tens, an' am just o' your opinion. Oh man! the fine fallows that I ha'e kent in it! clever, honest, leeberal, warm-heartit! an' no' sae muckle as thinkin' about it; an' gane—a' gane; dear a me! dear a me! It's really awfu'!—At the same time, there are rascals in it that the deevil woud be ashamed o'!—that woud trump up an account against a broken man or a deein' woman, tak' their last penny in part, an' pit them i' the tow-booth for the balance! that's certain—an' that they ha'e plenty whan better folk want. But ye man gang to your dinner; gae wa'—an say naething about this that we are doin', or they'll be makkin ballants on us.

Hairb. All I request is, that you'll consider me entirely at your service in this matter.

Cursall. I do, I do—as firmly as if ye were my auldest friend; an', d' ye ken, that's sayin' muckle. The truth is, Mr Harry, I ha'e likit a' that I wish to like, I believe, in this world. I hate to herd wi ony but o' my ain standin', an' that's what maks mony think me sic a savage! But I'm driven till 't; an (*shaking his hand in both his*) I'm glad to meet wi ane noo an' then, that reminds me o' the aulden times!—Gang an' leave me, Harry! Gang an' leave me:—when I think o' thae things, I believe I'm no' mysel!

Hairb. Farewell then.

[*Exit HAIRBRAIN.*]

Cursall. I'm no' mysel the noo, but a daft auld beast! What does that callant care for me—unless it might be to laugh at me? No.—I'll no' think sae.—He—he is an exception. He man come an' see me.

Enter BIRKIE, leading back HAIRBRAIN.

Birkie. Here alane, Mr James?

Cursall. Just for the minute, my Lord.

Birkie. Sae ye ha'e gotten a *female* client?

Cursall. I have that same.

Birkie. Is that jaud no' at the auld chiel yet? nor likely to gae?

Cursall. (*Astonished.*) She was na there whan I cam' awa'.

(*Hairbrain makes signs of secrecy to Cursall.*)

Birkie. Ye man sowther it up, Jemmy! Ye man sowther it up! — Nae credit in carrying things o'er far for thae kind o' cattle.

Cursall. I wonder to hear ye, my Lord! It's no like ye! Ye used to like the meesic* o' a process as weel as ony ane, an' I hope ye'll *aye* like justice.

Birkie. A process is a vera bonnie thing, if it's weel conductit, an' ye happen no' to be a party.

Cursall. A party! Your Lordship a party, wi' a parcell o' auld Bunker's-hill builders!

Birkie. I dinna ken wha it has connectit me wi' — but I suspeck I'm implicated — through a *friend*, that is — eh, Harry?

Hairb. Yes, my Lord, through a friend.

Cursall. Weel, I man only be mair cautious, that I diuna frae respect to your Lordship, betray the interests o' my client, an' sae become liable for the damages mysel'. I'm nane o' yer canting sons of —

Birkie. I ken, I ken.

Cursall. But "the puir an' the rich are met thegither" wi me; I'm a Christian in *that*, at ony rate.

Birkie. I'm vera sensible o' your merits, Mr James; an' that compels me to say, I woud rather have ye *for* me than against me.

Cursall. Noo, dinna be whillying,† my Lord! for I canna stand it; an' if I stay muckle langer wi ye, (which is quite irregular if ye be a party,) I'll damage my case. Why did na yer augents answer my letter?

* Music.

† Wheedling.

Birkie. If you 'll believe me, I never heard of it.

Cursall. Then you are very ill represented. It's a loose transaction a' thegither.

Birkie. That is as it is; but surely the damages canna be sae great as your face seems to say. Eh, Harry?

Cursall. It's i' the hands o' Counsel, my Lord, and they have na advised ony mitigation, but vera muckle the reverse. Had your augents come forward, like gentlemen, in time, an' offered the twa hundred pounds I first proposed——

Birkie. Twa hundred pounds!

Cursall. Ay, an' I couldna noo tak' your five!

Birkie. I'm bumbased! five hundred pounds proposed for an affair of this kind, an' by a sensible auld practitioner! If you had said forty——

Cursall. Forty! The puits-house price of an ordinary——

Birkie. Say nae mair about that Mr James,— say nae mair — but let me hear how you mak' up *your* estimate.

Cursall. Whae, (*taking snuff*;) common law, an' common sense gang hand in hand in this, an' that's no always the case, we'll alloo —

Birkie. Weel, allow it.

Cursall. Weel, baith by common law an' by common sense, if any man in a common thorofare——

Birkie. Common thorofare, Harry!——

Cursall. Or in any other place where the lieges have a right to go upon their lawful occasions, an' upon their lawful business. —

Birkie. Weel?

Cursall. Shall——

Birkie. I daresay I ha'e a guess o' the ither particulars; but hoo, in the name of a' that's abominable at ance, comes it in this case to be sae vera highly penal?

Cursall. Is it naething to tak' aff the head of a family?

Birkie. I dinna understand ye, Mr James.

Cursall. To gar a man brak' his neck then!

Birkie. Hoo could that be? an' what man?

Cursall. Why, the woman's *gudeman*!

Birkie. Had the jaud a husband? That ends the process!

Cursall. On the contrary, I'm bund to tell your Lordship it's just there that it begins.

Birkie. You astonish me, James.

Cursall. An' your Lordship astonishes me mair than I like to say, baith in the way ye argue the case, an' in ha'eing ony connection wi't. What! a Judge! a Senator o' the College o' Justice! — that should be an example to other people——

Birkie. You're steppin' beyond your province, James!

Cursall. No' an inch, my Lord! no' a hair's-breadth!

Birkie. A vast o' inches, sir! an' a vast o' hair-breadths. I consider your words impertinent, an' your action nimious and oppressive, and led in the warst — the vera warst faith!

Cursall. What! an assertor o' the law to turn a transgressor o' the law! an' when he has had his *dance*, to refuse to pay the piper!

Birkie. If I had had twa hunder dances, sir!

Cursall. Twa hunder! was ever the like heard! But what could your Lordship mean by ha'ein' *ane*? It couldna be for *need*, for ye ha'e plenty already.

Birkie. Ye ken naething about it.

Cursall. Ye couldna mean it for family purposes! What the sorrow then, that I should say it, could set *you* to howkin' o' founds?

Birkie. Howkin' o' founds! What kind o' founds?

Cursall. Hoo many kinds ken ye? The founds o' houses, to be sure! Like a common builder, an' in a common thorough-fare, an' lettin' people fell themsels by leavin' them unfenced!

Birkie. An' is *this* your female cleaint's case?

Cursall. An' a vera gude case it is.

Birkie. I wis' ye joy o't. I ha'e naething to do wi't.

Cursall. An' what's your Lordship's case?—a disputit march-burn?

Birkie. We'll speak about that when it comes. In the meantime, we ha'e had sic a fence at the win', Jemmy!

Cursall. I'm real sorry——

Birkie. I'm vera glad! Only to think hoo ye could tak upon ye, ye Villain, when ye thought ye had me in your clutches!

Cursall. Would ye ken the truth?

Birkie. Ye're a real savage, Jemmy, as every body says.

Cursall. Is na that dreadfu'! The fack is, I was vexed out o' measure ye was like to spoil my process.

Birkie. I believe ye !

Cursall. Yes ! wicked as ye think me, when I find that I canna gang back without hurtin' my client, nor forward without hurtin' a friend, it has aye been the deevil and the deep sea to me, an' sae I thought it was like to be in this case. But hoo the ——

Birkie. Hush, Jemmy !—hush ! Though I could hear ye swear for a fortnight upon sic a joyfu' occasion, I would rather no' the noo.

Cursall. Hoo could ye pit up wi' me sae lang ?—Lecturin' an' lecturin' as if I had been a Lord President.—Ha, ha !

Birkie. Ay, an' me cowerin' an' cowerin' as if I had been a criminal ! It was rich, Jemmy — it was rich !

Cursall. 'Od, I'll tell ye what, my Lord, the cap maun ha'e fitted !

Birkie. No' half sae weel as our dinner will, noo that we understand ane anither. But I say, Jemmy, ye rascal ye !

Cursall. Ay ?

Birkie. If sic a vagabond should come across ye, an' implicat' me in *ony* way — ye understand ?

Cursall. Leave them to me. If ony ane o' them thinks I'll gang ae hair's-breadth beyond what I think right, when an *honest man's concerned*, they ha'e got the wrang sow by the lug, an' I let them ken it.

Birkie. An' yet, Jemmy, they'll never mak' you nor me an elder of a kirk !

Cursall. A sax an' aught-penny knave like *me* an elder !—when they can get a decent fallow of a wine-doctor, that can turn a hunder pound *in a mornin'* by his *trade* ; or a merchant in a great way, that can turn a thoosand, by sellin' a cargo till himsel, an' touchin' baith the profit an' the commission !

Birkie. Ay, or yane of yer great cotton lairds, wi' his bairnies workin' till him twenty hours out o' the twenty-four, at three farthings a-day, an' fin' themsels.

Cursall. Or, to stick to our muckle merchant, touchin' twice the price of a rotten ship, by merely drowning the crew ! Thae fallows can *affoord* to buy a character for charity and sanctity.

Birkie. An' wad need it, Jemmy ; but ye're growin' censorious.

Cursall. After lecturin' a Judge for a law-breaker, I think I may do ony thing. But the decent orders o' society (as they ca' themsels,) ha'e had the whip hand o' us puir bodies o' lawyers for lang.

Birkie. An' yet we ha'e thriven, Jemmy. But we owe it to themselfs to equalize the returns on capital, or our law-roguess may be temptit to turn merchants.

Cursall. We couldna live amang them. What's a sax an' aughtpence to mak' up for lost time? And yet I ha'e felt my conscience plaguin' me about even that. A merchan' wad think it nae sin to mak' as mony thousands in a mornin'.

Birkie. He maun ha'e a conscience like a Kilmarnock cap!

Cursall. I wonder ye would compare it wi' sic a decent article. [*Exeunt arm in arm.*]

Hairb. 'Tis education makes or mars us all.—

The Lawyer thinks the Merchant's gains too great,
 Forgetting what he risks for all his gains;
 The Merchant thinks the Lawyer's bill a cheat,
 Because his capital is in his brains. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Birkie's Library.*

Trockie. (*Entering with Phil.*) Sae, ye're noo the toon servant?

Phil. Only for this day, or till I can see the old Lordship back again.

Trockie. Back again?

Phil. Oh! you don't know he's gone? — He's dismissed! —

Trockie. Dismissed? —

Phil. Without wages or board! — an' with a character that I'm thinkin' would do him no good in his next place. An' tho' its only a pig's choice that's in it, let alone the young lady, I feel that I did n't like the old Lord the worst. Besides, it's so on-nathural!

Trockie. What has been happening?

Phil. He's been in the family way!

Trockie. Prodigious!

Phil. Yes; sweet-heartin' without the pray-cowtions. The mistress, to do her justice, talked very sensibly upon the pint.— They are always calmest when they know they've got the right pig by the ear; but it's then I expect to see them most onraisonable, and so it has proved at this present writing. She dismissed him with the most superstitious ceremony; an' of coorse it was a real separation. There's no chance of the least pusillanimity there! — an' if there's no pusillanimity between man and wife, in my opinion, they had better be non-resident, or take a plurality!

Trockie. That'll a' come richt again.

Phil. I'm glad to hear you say so; because it shews you wish well to the dacent boy — but it's *unpossible*.

Trockie. Could I see the mistress?

Phil. Not a taste of her. She's locked up above stairs, tearing to tatters all men, women, and children, which *she* calls being not at home; tho', I'll be bail, there's not another in the three kingdoms more at home in that same than she is; the blessing of all bad children be about her!

Trockie. I have an important communication for her.

Phil. Did you mean by coorse of post?

Trockie. No; it's a bit cairdie. (*Shewing it.*)

Phil. (*Retreating from it.*) My curse upon all cards and card-makers, say I! It's a card that's created all this 'ruction; an' the raison is, it was n't a card at all, but an inlying letter they call it.

Trockie. An inlying letter?

Phil. So they say; but it could n't have done more mischief, if it had been lying all out. My Lady scolded my Lord about that bit of a scrap, not the big of my hand, as if it had contained all the curses in a Catholic Bray-viary. In coorse, my Lord scolded me, by way of paying the bearer; but he, poor feller, had the worst on it. Then another gentleman came here — Sir Thomas Double-yew — D'ye know the gentleman?

Trockie. I have seen him.

Phil. A very civil spoken gentleman he is, and a very purty card he carries; but not the real potatie after all, perhaps?

Trockie. It's no easy kennin' wha is.

Phil. Seems a particular friend of my Lady's, however, and does n't give a devil for his own wife. — A fashionable thing, perhaps, in some places?

Trockie. I'm no just a man of fashion.

Phil. Would you like to hear a secret about that gentleman? I would n't be surprised if he'd take her Ladyship off our hands with *very little of a differ!*

Trockie. No' possible?

Phil. Seen it myself! What would you think of kneeling and kissing hands, and cetera, and cetera, and cetera!

Trockie. He's been beggin' or borrowin', but never making love. — And noo about the bit cairdie?

Phil. A bad hap'orth entirely. She seems to have taken an antipathy at cards: — Would n't take Sir Thomas's even. Hot me smack in the cheek with it, and I was glad she did n't give her hand in the bargain — by which means I'll carry no more cards to-day. Where is my Lordship?

Trockie. I'll tell ye, if ye'll get me a word of her Ladyship.

Phil. But that's the very thing I'm sworn again'. More than that, I would n't be surprised if it's an offence, even my speaking to you.

Lady B. (*Entering.*) It is a very great offence, and you're constantly offending in one way or other.

Phil. Did n't I tould you?

Lady B. Why don't you bring up a message when it's given?

Phil. I was just explaining why to Mr Truckie.

Lady B. To Mr Trockie? Do you mean to disgrace the house *in every way?*

Phil. No; I only sayin' I did n't understand this business, and it's a truth all out, an' I never can; and if you don't on your marrow-bones without loss of time, I'm gone; and then you haven't a male crathur to purtect or glorify you.

Lady B. The fewer the better.

Phil. Your Ladyship does n't say that from your heart; acknowledge that, and I forgive you!

Lady B. Will you go down stairs, sir.

Phil. Order me to go and find my Lordship, and I give you a week's arnings.

Lady B. Philip, I say, go down stairs.

Phil. (Aside.) Ay! old story — "Turn the pigs out o' the parlour, there's gentlemen expected!" Always sends me out of the way when other gentlemen call. I'll take the small liberty of remembering that, any how. [Exit.

Lady B. Now, James, what is the business? If it is any thing about business past or future, with your late patron and employer in this house, you may have done before you begin; for I have no longer any thing to do with him or them.

Trockie. Guid forbid that that were true, my Lady!

Lady B. Nothing, Mr Trockie, nothing! — He had a good opinion of you; and therefore I may say, that I have forgiven and forgiven, till I am tired forgiving.

Trockie. My Leddie! ye ken ye're commandit to forgive your brother, not only seven times, but seventy times seven; which is vera near the five hundred.

Lady B. Ay! a brother! not a word of a husband. To forgive *him once*, is to forgive too often; — as every one will find from dire experience. However, — that's at an end.

Trockie. I hope not.

Lady B. What! *You also* wish to encourage iniquity? Have you seen your friend!

Trockie. No, my Leddy. But I wis' I had, sin' it wad ha'e gi'en you plesur' —

Lady B. *Me* pleasure? Have I not told you I have done with the — unprincipled person?

Trockie. Weesht, weesht! or the hoose 'll fa' upon us! That's no a way to speak of lawful authorities — at no rate.

Lady B. He has no more authority over me —

Trockie. I'll no' hear ye, my Leddy; dune wi' yer lawful husband! Is your Ladyship a — a cattle? an' marriage a halter, that ye can slip aff an' on at plesur? If my wife war to speak in that way, I wad think the world was comin' till an end!

Lady B. I am done with him; done for ever, Sir! and now, what is your business?

Trockie. 'Am really frightened to speak to you, my Leddy:

But I ha'e a bit notie here, that I promised to deliver safely.

Lady B. From whom?

Trockie. Mr Hairbrain. (*Giving it.*)

Lady B. That's another pretty specimen. However. (*Opens.*)
 "My dear Lady B.!" Really?

Trockie. Dinna refuse to read it, my Leddy; he seemed vera muckle in trouble.

Lady B. "Having just met an old acquaintance,—of a description I need not mention to your Ladyship,—she informs me, that having followed me to your house, believing it to be my own, and being brought suddenly into your presence, and hardly daring to look up, she fears she may have created confusion." Confusion! "I would rather have explained this matter to my Lord; but finding, on calling, that he had gone out, I think it right to say at once, that the visit that has annoyed you, was solely on the business of your very faithful, though in this instance unfortunate, H. HAIRBRAIN." Was there ever such a villain!

Trockie. It seems to ha'e been a mistak', my Leddie!

Lady B. (*Reading still.*) "P. S. I entreat that until I can see you, nothing to my prejudice—may be said in the family." The world must be coming to an end indeed!—He comes to my house, and brings disgrace upon it; parts its master and mistress, through his scandalous conduct; confesses all this,—and then has the impudence to request me to say nothing about it, till he can see me, forsooth; and persuade me, as I suppose he still hopes, to let my daughter marry him, or what is of greatly more consequence, convey to him a portion of her father's fortune!

Trockie. Since your Ladyship con'eshends to ask my opinion,—if what you say be true, it's no' just richt.

Lady B. Right! But my husband, Mr Trockie! know you any thing of him?

Trockie. I do not, my Leddie.

Lady B. My poor, dear, decent, honest, innocent man! what can I do to recompense *him*? or where find him? or how look him in the face? oh, how I have abused him, Mr Trockie!

Trockie. I wid na doot it, my Leddy.

Lady B. And without the least shadow of a cause.

Trockie. That's a *great* pity!

Lady B. And the poor, dear, innocent man, never opened his mouth; but he looked so pale, Mr Trockie; oh! so pale as he looked!

Trockie. He would be vexed, my Leddy, to see you so unreasonable.

Lady B. Throughout the course of our married life, I have never abused him as I have done to-day; and he coming home so obediently, after finishing his session! I'm sure if he forgives me this time, —

Trockie. Oh, my Leddie! wha wad ever think o' dwellin' upon a feelish word fae a woman!

Lady B. Oh, Mr Trockie, but I'm obliged t'ye.

Trockie. If I could but find out his Lordship —

Lady B. Do you think you could n't?

Trockie. I'll try of a' things.

Lady B. Do, do. You must take a glass of wine?

Trockie. I'll stop for naething, my Leddy.

Lady B. It's so good in you. As for your friend Mr Hair-brain, —

Trockie. Speak na o' him, my Leddie. I hae *deen* wi' him!

Lady B. He need never again enter *these doors*. Phil, you villain! open the door; — or rather tell your young mistress to come down stairs, — and I'll see Mr Trockie out myself. And when you see my Lord, tell him that every thing is explained, — *every thing*; and that his warm supper, and his warm fireside are waiting for him.

Trockie. I will, I will, my Leddy.

Lady B. And never part with him till you see him home; and, in all events, come back yourself; for I'm miserable till I hear tidings or no tidings.

Trockie. I un'erstand.

[*Exit Trockie.*]

KATE enters.

Lady B. Oh, Catherine! what do you think? I have been wronging your poor father, — dreadfully, dreadfully!

Kate. That's nothing new, mammy!

Lady B. Now, none of *your* impudence! I'll shew *you* cause to your cost.

Kate. *Me* cause!

Lady B. Yes,—you. Yet, now I think on it, why did he not *speak*? answer me that?

Kate. Perhaps he wanted to get out—to more agreeable company.

Lady B. No, minx! for he is not *with* that company.

Kate. Then I'll tell you the plain truth: you so *booby* the man, he's not safe to speak! These bullyings of a man do no good.

Lady B. You'll perhaps see,—one day.

Kate. They only harden him; or drive him, like little boys, into mischief from wishing to avoid the appearance of it.

Lady B. Don't you be alarmed; I *could* give your wisdom a settler, my babe; and as you are so very wise and philosophical, I will. In the meantime, such is my opinion of your pretty Mr Hairbrain, that I have desired that he may never again present himself in *this* house, unless he wishes to be shewn to the door by the servants!

Kate. I *thought* it would be some joke of his.

Lady B. Did you? see if *that* be a joke, *at your leisure*. (*Giving Hairbrain's letter.*) But now for your father. If I have been wrong, it is my duty to find him as soon as I can, and make reparation: that's one view of the subject. If he is right,—for once in his life,—he may make his own use of it; for he has n't *my* forgiving temper, —

Kate. (*Aside.*) Oh! Gemini!

Lady B. What's that you say?

Kate. I was thinking of this letter; what can it be?

Lady B. Oh!—The letter's a very distinct letter, and a very *comfortable* one, for it ends your flirtation with the Reprobate at once; unless, indeed, like most young women now, you should be disposed to put up with any thing.

Kate. And is that a way to treat one's feelings, mother?

Lady B. Feelings!—Is the tawpy wild? If you ever presume to speak to *me* about feelings, —

Kate. Had you no feelings yourself, mother?

Lady B. None!—but what were proper; and if your father had presumed —

Kate. Presumed! I have heard he presumed upon any thing.

Lady B. In the *same circumstances*, you numskull!

Kate. How do you mean ?

Lady B. Has Harry Hairbrain a halfpenny ? comparatively ? The poor son of the poor Earl of Crackit ! Is it for such pennyless fellows as he to forget themselves ? Certainly not ! But go ! get your cloak and walking-shoes, and prepare to accompany me ; for after all that 's past and gone, I would n't be *too* much surprised, if your dear hard-headed father were enjoying himself with the best of them, and leaving his poor wife, to sup sorrow by herself. If he is, ——

Kate. At him again, mother !

Lady B. Ay, — at him ! and if we were to be at them every hour of our life, they would still have enough of the old Adam. —

Kate. Mother, mother ! that 's a most unfortunate allusion.

Lady B. I don't believe it ! I don't believe it ! — I believe it was *he* that did the mischief after all, and persuaded the poor woman to say nothing about it. [Exit.

Kate. Well, — certainly, — if you can persuade yourself of *that*. — But Harry, Harry ! if you have been playing the fool, I 'll never forgive myself for thinking better of you in spite of every body. [Exit.

Phil. (*Coming in, and thrusting his hands to the very bottom of his pocket.*) Was there ever such venom ? Fire would not burn it out of some people ! They 'll find him out now, if they can ; and if they ketch him the least in sperrits, they 'll come the exciseman over him. By *the* powers ! the very character of the male sect is in it ! — What ! two women circumvint a man, — an' he having a male person to protect him at the same time ! — That would be a bit of a disgrace *at least*. I 'll make him a judge of women any how ! I 'll put him up to *them*, — as Paddy was to the mare. I 've found out where my Lordship is, which they han 't ; and if I don't give them the turn some how or other ——

Lady B. (*From without.*) What are you about there, Phil ?

Phil. I 'm consithering how I should *do* yer Ladyship !

Lady B. Come here, and I 'll tell you ; instantly !

Phil. Well, that 's meaning to be civil, — any way. [Exit.

SCENE II. — *Winter's Tavern.*HAIRBRAIN *entering to* TROCKIE.*Hairb.* Well, my ambassador! how are we?*Trockie.* Did ye think I was to bungle the bizziness? But I had naething in my power. She swallowed yer lees, like new milk; ca'd ye a thoosan' villains!*Hairb.* Excellent! — excellent!*Trockie.* Weel, — ye ken yer ain bizziness best; but in your particular sitation wi' the young lady, — sic a letter as ye ha'e written, wid ha' been the last thing that wad ha' occurred to *me*.*Hairb.* Were you ever in love, Trockie?*Trockie.* Hoot! (*Out.*)*Hairb.* No, — but I ask you the question.*Trockie.* But I'm no' obleeged to answer ye.*Hairb.* It certainly is very odd to conceive how some people *could* be in love; or what pretence they use, for lotting one bad-looking article with a worse. However! if you have any *idea* of what I mean, — you'll know what I am suffering for this poor family.*Trockie.* Ay! we should *aye* have sympathy wi' *the poor*.*Hairb.* I love Katie; for Katie is a girl of ten thousand.*Trockie.* I wis' ye may get it.*Hairb.* Get what?*Trockie.* The ten thoosand.*Hairb.* I shall lose patience with you. I say Katie is an excellent young woman!*Trockie.* I dinna deny it.*Hairb.* And very likely to be lost, if she is not looked after.*Trockie.* That may read twa ways tee; an' mak' yer ain o't.*Hairb.* Precisely. Now listen to me. It is now four years since I have made up my mind, that I ought not to hesitate to receive ten thousand pounds of the proper monies of this man, even tho' burdened with the maintenance of one of his family; yet I question if he is sensible of his mercies! But you know the man.*Trockie.* Oe'r weel; — never would sell him a pictur' worth five pound, without telling him five hunder lees.

Hairb. Very well. We must bring the matter to a point *sometime* ; so, mark me, I have determined to do it to-night !

Trockie. Vera weel.

Hairb. Now, this Lady forgot her resentment against her Lord at once, you say, when she found she could transfer it to me ?

Trockie. That did she.

Hairb. Perhaps wished you to tell him as much ?

Trockie. Ga'e me the strickest injunctions to bring him instantly hame.

Hairb. And you promised ?

Trockie. Solemnly.

Hairb. But he doesn't go. You *could not see him*, — you understand ? — neither can you, without a breach of all rule.

Trockie. It might be a good few pounds out of my way.

Hairb. Trockie ! Your soul is made up of clipped sixpences. But *state your damage*, and you shall *cheat me to that extent* in our very first transaction.

Trockie. My dear frien' —

Hairb. Don't add hypocrisy to your other virtues ! *You shall ; and I know you insist on it.* Now, if I change my condition, must I not change my *residence* ? and have I ever changed my residence without benefit of carver and picture-dealer ?

Trockie. Say nae mair about it. I'm deaf, dumb, and senseless, if ye will ha'e it sae.

Hairb. I insist upon it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Hall of the Tavern.*

A sedan chair standing.

Lord Birkie. (*Following a servant.*) ' Wha wants me ? Wha wants me ? wha is 't ? no' yersel, lass ? (*Patting her shoulder.*) Yer 'e a gude-lookin' quean ! —

Maid. Get away.

Birkie. What for, woman ? what for ?

Maid. Have ye no' a wife o' yer ain ?

Birkie. Pooh ! can I carry her about on my back ?

Girl. Nae occasion, — I'm thinkin' she 's waiting for ye, in that chair there.

[*Exit Maid.*]

Lord B. My wife in that chair! — Gude forbid! — What could ha'e brought her in that chair? (*A tap from the window of the chair summons him in that direction, and he proceeds towards it; and the moment he reaches the chair, and the curtain is withdrawn shewing a female head-dress, Lady B. and Kate enter.*)

Lady B. So, my Lord!

Lord B. Eh!

Lady B. I find you still full of business.

Lord B. Bizness! Gude's mercy! whare am I noo? a — a — thought it was you, that was in the chair.

Lady B. And you mistook *the young woman* for me also, — doubtless?

Kate. Papy! papy!

Lord B. Weel, weel! there can be nae mistak' noo; — come awa' in, and lat me present ye.

Lady B. You forget the lady in the chair.

Lord B. I ken naething about her! It can be nae lady for me.

Lady B. Perhaps so, but you came to see her.

Lord B. I didna ken wha I cam' to see, nor is it o' the least consequence, noo that I ha'e seen you; an' I maunna forget to thank ye for it.

Lady B. I daresay. But if you don't wish to see the lady, I do; and if she had been any *proper character*, she would at once have stept out.

Lord B. Hoo could she? — Is she no' fastened in? — An' besides, it maun be as gude as a play till 'er, to hear us fechtin'! Come awa in.

Lady B. I insist upon seeing her, or I'll raise the house! — The Guard! — The — Oh! you old ruffian! You old ruffian! Will there never be an end of your sin and misery?

Lord B. I can answer for my meeseries, at ony rate!

Lady B. They are not a tithe of what you deserve.

Lord B. Tithe! Ha, ha! If *a'* tithes were as weel paid, it would be a warm kirk!

Lady B. You begin to be impudent, do you, and to brazen the matter? Landlord! —

Enter WILL trotting.

Winter. What's this? What's this? What's a' this?

Lady B. Is this a decent house, sir?

Winter. Are ye a decent woman, to ask sic a question?

Lady B. Whom have ye in that chair?

Winter. What ken I about the chair?

Lady B. (*Slapping him.*) Look then!

Winter. Fat the deevil! D'ye ken nae better than to strik' a man in his ain house? His *dwellin'* house? Gad, that's past law-burrows! That's hame-sucken, and we man ha'e ye banisht!

Lord B. Say nae mair, Will! It's her Ladyship.

Winter. Her Ladyship? Her Randyship! — Faith, I wou'd pit another ring in her nose!

Lord B. A'll sowther it, Will! — Come in, my dear — They'll wonder what's keepin' me.

Lady B. (*Sitting down with violence.*) If I go from this spot, till that chair is opened, I must go in pieces!

Lord B. Tell Harry Hairbrain to come here, WILL! Tell him to come *the noo*, — for I'm half dementit.

Winter. I'll tell him, my Lord, — But — (*Looking at her Ladyship.*)

Lord B. Aneugh, WILL! — aneugh: I awe ye a magnum o' something or other; but gang awa' the noo. (*Exit Winter.* — *To himself.*) We man jeuk an' let the jaw pass, — an' I wish it were as easy in my case as in yours.

Enter HAIRBRAIN.

Hairb. Ah! how are ye, ladies! This is a pleasure we didn't expect. (*Approaching and offering to shake hands, — they both turn away.*)

Lord B. Say as little about that as ye like, Harry.

Hairb. I beg pardon! — What has happened?

Lord B. 'Od, Harry, I dinna ken weel what has happened; I maun hae risen wrang end foremost the day; for I'm nae sooner out of ae hobble, than I'm in till anither. It seems there's some daft jaud or ither in that chair, wishin' to *see me*. I ken naething about ony ane that should wish to see me, but my Lady maun ha'e her out. See if it's *anither* o' your half-hands.

(*Hairbrain tries to ascertain the party, — but the curtains are held, and his finger wrenched.*)

Lord B. Wha is't?

Lady B. (*To Hairbrain.*) You'd better consider what you ought to say.

Hairb. I have this to say, — that if she pays all her debts in that way, she owes me nothing. I don't know that I ever had my fingers better squeezed.

Lady B. That's a hint that you are not the person wanted. But it won't do: — She must come forth, — Ay! — *come forth, — and before impartial witnesses!*

Phil. (*From the chair.*) Clear away there! open the box, will ye, with a vengeance! (*Starts out disguised as a woman.*) I can no longer bear to hear a dacent boy tathered and bothered to pieces, — and put out of a pig's likeness, — and for nothing at all at all! — I'll defend him!

Kate. In the name of goodness, Phil!

Phil. Yes; but if I were fifty Phils, I'll never fill that chair again.

Kate. And what brought you in it?

Phil. Two chairmen, the vagabones! But they stopt snuffin' at every street's end; — they were tosticated.

Kate. But why did they bring you?

Phil. Because I ordered them.

Kate. Phil, be plain; or are you mad, or drunk?

Phil. Drunk is it? an' not even got my dinner? I tell you what it is:—If there's any more quarrelling, leading, as this has done, to fasting, I must steal to prevent murder. The two ends of my waistcoat are coming together.

Lord B. Ye daft rascal! what brought ye in that chair?

Phil. An' you too, my Lordship? *You?*

Lord B. Every deevil of us, sir! Speak out.

Phil. Well! that's not givin' yourselves a high character, any how.

Kate. Tell the truth, Phil, and tell it quickly, and I'll give you a real thirteener.

Phil. Oh! my young Ladyship! Do you think I want any thing to make me do *your* bidding? an' I ever an' always at your feet like a dog?

Lord B. Ye villain ! speak to the purpose, or I 'll throttle ye !

Phil. I wish you woud be as 'cute with my Ladyship !

Kate. Phil, Phil !

Phil. Oh, lave him to me, jewel ! I 'll give him a taste of the truth, any how ; an' may be her Ladyship won't be the worse either. They have behaved prettily, both of them, this day. But, however, — since you are all so cross as I seen you are, and that is, as two sticks, I 'll tell the truth, — and this is it : — You know there was a noise this morning ? — You know it ? — Very well ! I understand it was found out to be all for no cause : — That 'll happen in any dacent family. But the moment this 'ruction was over, an' before my Lordship *knew* that it was over, didn't I hear her Ladyship, an' my *young* Ladyship, planning an' plotting *another* ? Said they, — (to one another, like, only I happened to be about upon duty ;) — said they — I wouln't be surprised, if he, — meaning my Lord, to be sure, — is enjoying himself after all, as if nothin' had happened : — an' after a deal to that purpose, they called for their clogs. An' ye'll come Paddy over the master ? said I ; an' abuse an' bother him still farther ? said I ; when he has had enough already, as you know, and I know, — particularly if it was all for nothing. Faith ! but you shan't, said I : The character of the male sect is in it, said I ; — them wor my words.

Hairb. To whom ?

Phil. To myself, as I told you. Two women circumvint a man ! said I ; you know yourself, Counsellor, *that* would be untholerable !

Hairb. Go on.

Phil. You own it ? well ! knowing his Lordship would pay more attintion to the fair sect, than to a poor boy, —

Lady B. Your very *servant* knows you, you see.

Phil. To be sure ; know him to be a gentleman all out ; and, consequently, — but if ladies won't allow that their sect shoud be respected, why shoud *I* insist upon it ? Besides, I wanted to come unknownst. But, as I told you, the vagabones stopt every minnet ; I was once within an ace of coming out to assist in carrying myself ! I 'd done it but for the cloes ! and guess if I wasn't angry, and with cause too, when I seen your Ladyship must circumvint me, in place of me circumvinting you !

Lady B. And is that the truth, sir ?

Phil. A full, true, and particular account, my Lady, as I'm a Christian man.

Kate. I think that is rather doubtful at present.

Phil. Oh, your young Ladyship ! don't you see my brit——.
(*Preparing to lift his dress.*)

Lord B. Gae hame, ye mad rascal, or you'll shame us a' ; or pluck aff thae duds, an' be usefu' whare ye are. 'Od, Harry, I believe the warld's gane gyte ! (Gone mad.)

Hairb. Upon my word, I think your Lordship has cause to say so.

Lady B. It's all a mystery to me. Is James Trockie here ?

Hairb. He is, my Lady.

Lady B. Call him. (*Exit Hairbrain.*) If *he* had done his duty, this last exposure would have been spared ; for I requested him to tell your Lordship that all was explained, and that I wished to see you home.

Lord B. Ye're a gude lassie !

Enter TROCKIE, a little elevated. His hand in his breast, ruffles displayed, and looking quite great.

Lord B. Ye ken this Lady, sir ?

Trockie. Oh ay !

Lord B. I suppose I needna say mair to 'mind ye that ye're a villain ?

Trockie. A deal mair, my Lord ; I deny the impitation whollily !

Lady B. Did you make very great exertions to find out my Lord, and to deliver to him my message, as you promised ?

Trockie. As I have a vera great respect for my Lord, and also, on the whole, am sorry for your Ladyship, I wad rather no' answer ony questions.

Lord B. Mair mystery, Harry ! What mare's nest are we comin' on noo ?

Hairb. My Lord, I am as unable to make up my mind to any thing—as your Lordship.

Lord B. Did ye promise ony thing till her Ladyship that ye havena performed ?

Trockie. I promised to bring your Lordship word that ye were wantit at hame, and that a' that had passed was forgiven.

Lord B. Weel, sir, an' wasna that vera important to me?

Trockie. It was; but I fund afterwards, that I required time to deliberat'.

Lord B. About what?

Trockie. I'm no' sure that I am just free to speak. Her Ladyship will understand me, when I mention the name of Sir Tamas Willgeese; an' particularly, when I add, that I am myself a married man!

Lord B. Sir Tamas Willgeese!—Married man!—Ye're a married fule, I believe.

Trockie. I have aye ruled my wife at least, when I was present, and I have never heard that she couldna rule herself when I was absent!

Lord B. Weel, sir, an' what is that to the purpose?

Trockie. Every thing, my Lord, if ye're a man of wirtie an' honor! And if you press me I will shew it you.

Lord B. I insist upon it, sir.

Trockie. Vera weel. A' the warld kens that ye canna rule yer wife when ye are present.

Lord B. Maybe it's as weel that she rules me. What next?

Trockie. Weel, sin' ye maun ha'e it, an' maun ha'e it, I was given to understand, that she hadna weel got rid o' yer Lordship, when Sir Tamas Willgeese was at her feet!

Lord B. Oh ho! It was *there* that Tammie was!

Lady B. I shall faint!

Trockie. That's the story, my Leddy; an' the best bowe* o' meal wadna stap their mouths that are tellin' it.

Lady B. He was there for his *sins*, ye booby!

Trockie. That I ken naething about, but yer Leddyship can speak to the public upon the subject.

Lady B. Harry Hairbrain, after your profligate letter of this morning—

Lord B. Did ye write her, Harry?

Hairb. I did, my Lord, explaining every thing.

Lord B. That was a gude laddie. 'Od, ye maun forgie Harry the tae thing, in consideration o' the tither, my dear.

* Bowe — boll of meal.

Lady B. Who could think of such a thing at present? After that letter, I did not intend to have spoken to him or seen him.

Lord B. It was an accident, my dear!

Lady B. His profligacy?

Lord B. No; the comin' out, my Lady.

Lady B. Ay, that's all *you* think of; and I daresay you make a pair. Well, after that letter, I neither intended to have spoken to him nor seen him. But that *man* there——

Trockie. Tak' care, my Leddy! I deny the ackisition!

Lady B. Call for Sir Thomas Wildgoose.

Lord B. No, my dear; we'll have nae story but your ain. What is it?

Lady B. Very soon after you left the house, in a state that I can never think of without remorse —

Lord B. Think nae mair about it; this pays it a'. (*Patting her hand.*)

Lady B. You are *too good*. Well, soon after that, Sir Thomas called: I had resolved to see no one, but hoping he might be from yourself, I saw him.

Lord B. Ye was *aye a gude lassie*. Weel?

Lady B. He did not come from you; it was to inquire after his own Lady; and, irritated at the moment, at what I thought had happened to myself, and recollecting his dreadful negligence as a husband, and contrasting it with his then apparent purposes, which seemed to be to *ruin* the person he had already rendered miserable, I confess I spoke my mind to him; and so strongly, that he knelt to entreat me not to think so harshly of him, and, if I recollect rightly, promised better behaviour.

Lord B. Vera weel, my dear.

Trockie. Did he kiss your Ladyship's *hand*?

Lord B. Haud yer tongue, Trockie, ye ken naething about it.

Lady B. Suppose he had?

Trockie. I only wished to observe, that yer Leddyship didna mention *that fack*!

Lord B. And if she didna?

Trockie. Oh! if yer Lordship is pleased, *am* pleased.

Lord B. Ye're a gommeril!

Lady B. At that moment that looby opened the door, and company came in.

Phil. My Ladyship——

Lord B. Weesht, sirrah! Weel, my dear, was this a'?

Lady B. All, my Lord, I declare.

Lord B. And I commend ye for it.

Lady B. But to find myself accused——

Lord B. Ay! ye see how unpleasant it is, whan ane's *innocent*!

Lady B. I do indeed; and I am sorry, in particular, for having exposed you in this house.

Lord B. Hoot, ye bit monkey! Gae wa', gae wa'!

Lady B. You owe it all to Mr Hairbrain; who, I think, should sink into the earth, considering in what presence he stands.

Lord B. I hinna had time to speak to Harry; but I daresay he's sorry, and in that case we maun forget and forgie. 'Od, I could maistly forgie ony thing for the pleasure o' this meeting. Come in, come in, and say nae mair about it.

Lady B. (*To Trockie.*) As for you, sir, you have seen the inside of my house *for the last time*!

Lord B. Ye was very injudicious, James.

Trockie. If every body paid for errors in jeedgement!——

Lord B. Weel, sir!

Trockie. Oh! if the kep doesna fit, yer Lordship needna pit it on.

Lord B. I tell you again, ye're a gommeril! (*Exit leading*

Lady B. and patting her hand.)

Trockie. I canna say ye're no' a *Judge*; but I can say this—Maist folks are gommerils in something.

Hairb. Go away, Trockie. You've put your foot in it at last.

Trockie. Avo'd ye, Sathan!

Hairb. Not a word, but go!—Go! [*Exit Trockie.*

(*Hairb. offers his arm to Kate, but is refused.*)

Kate. You have given a very great deal of trouble, Mr Hairbrain, and from a very unpardonable cause.

Hairb. Spare me but for an hour, and I will explain every thing.

Kate. Can you explain away *your letter*?

Hairb. Decidedly; and if you have any interest in what we have sometimes talked about——

Kate. I can have none, until that letter is explained — *none.*

Hairb. Then I declare most solemnly, my sole interest in the person is *professional.*

Kate. You can shew this?

Hairb. To your *entire* satisfaction, or I claim nothing.

Kate. Do not deceive me. You see the misery that a bad understanding between my poor father and mother leads to.

Hairb. Upon my honor, my dearest Catherine, there is no need for misunderstanding in this, as you yourself shall be satisfied. I only request, that should it by any chance be explained in public, you will make no remark.

Kate. I am willing to be persuaded to rely on your assurances, but you *cannot* know how much I have been agitated.

Hairb. I *requested* my Lady to say nothing till I saw her.

Kate. But she considered it no subject for concealment, and properly.

Hairb. I have wished that this night should end *all* our miseries; cure your mother of her suspicions — give your father a new friend — *me* another and a dearer — and *you* a husband!

Kate. A very doubtful end to misery. [Exeunt.]

Phil. (*Coming forward.*) I'll soon be Saycretary ov State! for I have had nothin' but saycrets this day, and without seeking them; and with reverence to the young masher and mistress — Well I never! — It was *this* they wor always at, when leaning over the pailings and purtending to admire the purty pigs! — Making the very dumb animals bear false witness; an' *me* — worse than the donkey of the fields! I'll — I'll turn infurmer! It goes again' my conscience to be made an ass on, all for nothin'! —

Hairb. (*Gently re-entering.*) You rogue in your heart! take that. (*Throwing him money.*) [Exit.]

Phil. Oh, thunder an' turf, and *cetera*, and *cetera*! This'll never do at all! this is treating me like a criminal! — Your Rivverence, I never intended to — He's gone! — and I, — I am no longer a gentleman! — Perhaps he's only trying me. (*Examines the purse.*) It's money! what shall I do with it? I must take care of it, any how. Perhaps he didn't count it, and I may take a few — compensations — and return it as if I didn't look at it either. That wouldn't be the clean potatoe neither.

It's a very pleasant thing for a poor man to have; — and I dare say he doesn't mind it one way or t'other? (*Puts it suddenly up.*) Pity my weakness, yer Reverence! It's the inherent depravity! I feel I could be reconciled to a purse of almost any size, and marry a purty and accomplished woman! — Oh, what sinful we all are if the truth were known! as his Rivverence says to the young ladies. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

Parlour Winter's Tavern as before.

Trockie. (*Entering in great tribulation.*) To be obleeged to leave a company that I like, an' drink that I ha'e paid for! Eh, laddie! (*Calling.*)

Phil. (*Entering.*) Your Reverence?

Trockie. Bring me my hat; ye'll find it i' the corner by itsel: an' I say! if ye should meet ony body askin' for me, say I'm gone.

Phil. I will.

[*Exit Phil.*]

Puggie. (*Without.*) Any gentleman in that apartment?

Phil. (*Also without.*) No; only Misthur Truckie, and he says he's gone.

Trockie. The blunderin' villain! That fallow was born to put leein' out o' fashion. I maun face them! But I'm sure I'm like ane o' the children of Iseraul —

PUGGIE, WHIMS, and GIMCRACK enter, and they all get round
Trockie and take him by the buttons.

Puggie. Gone — eh?

Trockie. No; only going; an' desired that if a stranger I expected should ca' —

Puggie. Oh! that was it? Now, are n't you a fine fellow?

Whims. An astonishingly fine fellow?

Sir Jas. You even down deceiver! You common cheat you!

Trockie. My Lords! —

Puggie. Oh! you're quite astonished are you? You have no idea that your *Professor* has been found to be an imposition?

Trockie. My *Professor* an imposition?

Puggie. Downright! Now I tell you what, James — I tell you what — I intended very speedily to have made your fortune.

Trockie. I hope naething will happen to interrupt your Lordship's generous intentions.

Puggie. It *has* happened.

Whims. Undoubtedly.

Sir Jas. It's as plain as a pike-staff.

Puggie. Honesty is the best policy, James! I intended in *one* week, from this date, to have made your fortune. I intended to have allowed you, sir, in the crowdedest time of the day, to walk from one end of Prince's Street to the other upon my arm!

Sir Jas. An' I was till ha'e accompanied him!

Puggie. Yes! But this Professor of yours. — Why, now when I think of it, the man has barber written in every lineament!

Trockie. My Lord, it's no' every man of genius that, like your Lordship, has the stamp of intellect in his countenance; ye'll alloo me to say *that*.

Puggie. Why, certainly —

Sir Jas. My Lord, it's just the joog-job over again! — just! An' Trockie, ye villain! ye dinna ken a' the consequences of that job, or ye would be horrified! Ye had almost made my Lady Gimcrack an' me part!

Puggie. Horrible! We never heard of that. Why that had been as bad as — as an earthquake.

Sir Jas. An earthquake would ha' been over in a minute, but this might ha' made me miserable for life!

Puggie. Dreadful! Now what happened? Tell us, Jim, tell us.

Sir Jas. She went down to Auld Kettle at a minute's warning, or rather without ony warning, bag and baggage!

Puggie. Possible?

Sir Jas. Fack! when I cam' hame, intending to be in a passion for a week, (for fifty pounds is fifty pounds,) I found her chair empty! Oh ho! said I, ye are hiding, are ye? — See wha'll seek ye? But at last I felt uneasy, an' rang for dinner,

and there had been nane ordered ! Where 's my Lady ? said I. Don't know, sir, said they ; thought she dined out, as she has been out for some time. This looked serious.

Puggie. The want of dinner ?

Sir Jas. No ; the absence of my Lady. D' ye ken I felt all of a sudden as if she was dead, and the house desolate ! And whatever people may say, gentlemen, that's ony thing but a pleasant feeling. I would ha' gi'en twa fifties that I had said naething, or to ha'e made things as they were. I gaed out an' dined wi' a friend — still nae return ; — to bed — nae sleep ! — an' I never thought ony night sae lang before. I determined to become an altered man : — an' before the thing was sortit, I had not only to mak' her a thoosand apologies, though it was she that was in the wrang —

Puggie. Ladies are *never* in the wrong.

Sir Jas. But I had to enclose her a horse —

Puggie. Wonderful !

Sir Jas. I mean an order for the price ; an' an empty teachest full of tea an' sugar, gown-pieces, an' a' other kinds o' confectionaries, before she would write me a word ; an' then she only wrett to tell me that I should send her nae mair nonsense ! Ye should be horrified, sir, at the consequences of your nefariousness ! And, my Lord Whims, did he not cheat your Lordship out of near twa hunder years in the age of a clock, by turning the date upside down, and makin' it 1491 when it was only sixteen hunder seventy-one ?

Trockie. That transaction was explained and sattled, Sir James.

Sir Jas. As my Cowgate Raphael was settled, by being perfectly satisfied it was na worth a doit.

Trockie. Sir James, I have explained that transation till I'm sick ; an' though I have at this moment a lot of china that has cost me many pounds, and that nobody could value but yoursel —

Sir Jas. Whare is 't ?

Trockie. But ye ha'e nae generosity —

Sir Jas. That's another of your fabrications.

Whims. Do you intend *ever* to make up my horological series ?

Trockie. Do I intend to live ?

Sir Jas. Nae doubt you do, and at the expense of honest men.

Puggie. We begin to lose faith in you, Trockie.

Trockie. My valuable frien'! —

Sir Jas. You have said the truth there—you mak' us valuable.

Puggie. This job of the Professor is the devil! You have medelled in me, with a reputation that is *European*.

Trockie. But my excellent Lords, and my esteemed gentlemen! is there to be a' this strife between *us*, because it suits Mr William Waggery to tak' a *bet* upon the subject?—

Puggie. Mr William Waggery? Who is he?

Trockie. That's easier asked than answered; and I hope you'll all remember, that I say nothing upon the subject. I would na, as my friend Mr Hairbrain says, write a *hic jacet* o'er a lawyer's *grave*, for fear of an action for sayin' *here he lies!*

Puggie. But who is he?

Trockie. Oh! he's at the bar noo, an' of course a *gentleman* by profession.

Puggie. But he is *not* a gentleman?

Trockie. There comes my diffeeculty again.

Puggie. And does *he* presume to interfere with the amusements of—of persons of rank? There must be an end to *that*, in all events.

Whims. Certainly.

Sir Jas. That's very clear—eh? Decidedly—I think?

Whims. Decidedly.

Puggie. Then I tell you what, sir, you must leave us instantly, and say nothing of this conversation.

Whims. Nothing.

Puggie. If there is any thing wrong, *we alone* must put it right. D'ye hear?

Trockie. So like your Lordship's good sense and dignity, and every thing that may become a nobleman.

Puggie. If that fellow could *dream* that he might in any way influence *me*, I would shoot myself.

Trockie. Far sooner, my Lord!

[*Exit Trockie.*]

Puggie. Of course I'm bit?

Whims. Dead, I think, as ever *I* was.

Sir James. Or *I*; an' that's as dead as mutton, and a hunder times.

Puggie. It's the first time with me.

Whims. That you know of.

Puggie. Well! when any thing disagreeable, and undeniable happens, nothing like determinedly refusing to see it one's self. It deprives malice of the sweetest part of its meal. And, now, what think you of Belfry's appearance as Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Whims. Capital! I wonder the fellow could hold his face.

Puggie. I wonder that of the order generally. Which of his proposals did *you* like best, Sir James?

Sir Jas. Duelling wi' government pistols, duly stamped and bearing a duty according to rank, or the practice to be accounted murder.

Whims. I think a tax on the publication was a good addition.

Puggie. Well, I think the idea of noblemen and gentlemen being obliged to wear particular habits, so as, like Soldiers and Clergymen, to be easily identified in case of delinquency, and the stuff to bear a tax, — a very capital one.

Sir Jas. Was na it a gude ane to compel ladies affecting the — the imperials, to wear them of a particular colour, duly taxed?

Whims. Or scandal-mongers to wear badges, bearing a tax? and not transferable, nor to descend to heirs?

Puggie. I'm sure you would vote for a tax on indifference in husbands, Sir James?

Sir Jas. Did he propose that? The rusty old—ultra-nuptiary! Let us hear it.

Puggie. (*Mimicking a very solemn and pompous style.*) "Indifference in husbands should bear a high tax." — "That's a gude ane, Andrew!" quoth my Lord Birkie. — "Your Lordship is fined for forgetting the forms of Parliament," retorted Andrew; another excellent source of revenue, say I. "The tax on indifference in husbands to be fixed, like minister's stipends, by the fiars of the year; and utter dereliction of duty to be considered a luxury of the highest kind, and paid for accordingly. Taking the husbands of Great Britain and Ireland at only six millions, and holding one million only bad, and three indifferent, which is considered within the mark; and fixing indifference at a dog-tax, and deeper delinquencies at a game-licence, the proceeds of this tax might be from ten to twelve millions!"—Somebody proposed a tax on smoking, — the tax to be laid on the *smoke*, — "*I mean*

to *end in that*," said Andrew, which I thought witty. In the meantime he proceeded to the taxing of whiskers and imperials, except so far as belonging to the army or navy, and consequently connected with the defence of the state. But I hear them shouting: — Let us in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Dining-room in Winter's Tavern.*

Company set as after dinner; HAIRBRAIN as king, but with wine before him; LADY W. as queen.

Hairb. Well! the pleasantest day must have an end, and so must our command. We are about to abdicate; but before doing so, as we cannot otherwise reward our friends, we must thank them. We thank also our opponents, being satisfied that in many circumstances, the wisdom of our opponents is as useful as that of our friends; and no gentleman should be supposed capable of offering any other than his best opinion. (*Hear, hear, hear!*) Therefore, — "I drink to the general health of the full table, and all good things to all!" (*They drink.*)

Hairb. Now call our minstrel! Come, dear drukken Jamie! Give us a song. Be it o' the olden time; As, "Toddlin Hame," "A Sixpence under Thumb," Or, "When we fell, we aye gat up again." Ay! something fit to make an old man weep, — O'er recollected, long departed joys!

Jemmy. (*Snapping his fingers.*) —

Come! pop the bottle, Birkie said,
For since a' plays maun still be play'd,
What need puir mortals fash their head,
Wi' canting o' decorum?

Lord B. Stop, stop, Jemmy! That'll no do noo.

[*A bottle is popped.*]

Jemmy. Ah! that's a gude ane! Lat's hae a drink o't. (*He drinks, then sings.*)

AIR. — *The Cogie.*

Our fathers, when the day was done,
And nights were wet and bogie,
They barr'd the door on ilka win',
And had their cracks and cogie.

And lang the custom has been ours,
 Frae Berwick to Stra'bogie ;
 Till ilka weal and wae's resource,
 Is fancied in the cogie.

It's no' to flee frae needfu' thought,
 Nor frae a wife that's roguie ;*
 It's no' to slocken greedfu' drought,
 That we may seek the cogie.
 It's just to meet the friends we lo'e,
 An' get a wee bit vogueie,†
 To warm the heart, and wet the mou',
 That we may seek the cogie.

When thus we sit, and tell auld tales,
 Or muse out-o'er the cogie,
 How mony a gentle thought prevails,
 That well may raise the cogie.
 The friends that we may see nae mair,
 The early haunted bogie ;‡
 Perhaps the lass that ance was dear,
 May a' rise o'er the cogie.

Then here's to ilka social soul
 Wha kens to use the cogie ;
 May he ne'er want to fill the bowl,
 Nor aught that maks us vogueie.
 An' let it run frae sire to son,
 The modest social cogie ;
 For so our fathers' wills had run,
 Had they bequeathed the cogie.

Crowd. A very good song, very well sung, &c.

Lord B. Where's Jemmie Daidlie the night? I miss him.
 What excuse can he ha'e for no' bein' here?

Crowd. His wife's dead.

Lord B. A vera good excuse! a wis' we had a' the same!

Lady B. (*Entering, followed by Kate, &c.*) Robbie, Robbie!
 (*They ruff, and try to make the thing pass off.*)

Lord B. Ye hoolit! are ye there? did ye catch the bit joke I
 was makkin'?

* Troublesome.

† Elevated.

‡ Hazel nuts grow in boggy places, and consequently such places are constant haunts with school-boys.

Lady B. It was no joke, Robbie! and I am sorry to think it; but the time may come when you'll feel otherwise.

Lord B. It was na a very good subject for a joke; but "the big serjeant," ye ken! She was na a nice little body like you. My wife and dochter, ladies and gentlemen! an' I'm glad to see them here. I fine mysel' a magnum o' claret on the ye-went. Bring it in, WILL, an' see that it be gude. Lady Wildguse, my dear! She's been playin' the queen here the night; an' dune it sae weel, that if king Tammie were to abdicate the morn, he wad na be lang wantin' a successor. I think we should drink her health.

Hairb. First, — The ladies who have honoured us with their company this night; the last not least. (*They drink.*)

Hairb. Our queen! in a special bumper; and may she reign long and happily, in the hearts of the free and loyal! —

For 'tis not the mere circumstance of state,
 The sceptre, sword, or crown imperial,
 Nor all that waits on the mere fact of power,
 Nor birth, nor beauty, tho' they all are prized;
 But that same sweetness, prudent dignity,
 And sense combined with woman's gentleness,
 That in a cottage had made her beloved,
 And even fear'd, in fearing to offend;
 These are the ingredients that make duty sweet,
 And homage proud, and faithfulness a passion;
 And long may they encircle our dear queen!
 And make her dearer, till descending age
 Shall make her venerable. Then may she drop,
 Like a full ear that in it's time is shed,
 And reverently gather'd to the store!

Lord B. A'll drink that health mysel, Harry. (*All.*) — THE QUEEN!

Lady W. You may be surprised to find a woman wanting words. Yet such is my situation; and nine out of every ten of my slandered sex, would be like me in the same circumstances. Our *great want is words*,—of sufficient power, "To quell the devil that lurks in lordly man!" I know but one royal speech available to me as a model, and it is that of as great a queen, as I am a little one; but it's brevity suits me, — "I thank you my good people."

Sir Thos. And now I believe the sport is over? —

Hairb. It is; we abdicate, and seek the shade.

Sir Thos. Well, — whether it is that playing the queen has a tendency to exalt the woman, or from whatever cause it is, I cannot help saying, that I never felt more proud of her little majesty than I do at this moment; or more desirous to see her resume her private and dearest character, of a woman and a wife. (*Laughter.*) Nay, Gentlemen, —

I see her, as I saw her in her youth, —

Lady W. Youth!

Sir Thos. With added depth of beauty, —

Lady W. Oh!

Sir Thos. And her truth

Now tried and known, (*Applause.*)

But that reminds me: — There is one point on which my shoe still pinches; and as we are all friends here, and every one knows what an indifferent fool of an husband I have hitherto made, —

Crowd. Hear, hear, hear!

Sir Thos. Gentlemen, if that comes from any but a married man, it is an impertinence! (*Cheers again.*)

Sir Thos. I will take my own time for noticing that insolence.

Wag. Sir Thomas, did you not really mean that you had been an indifferent husband?

Sir Thos. Certainly! — But I meant it, as every gentleman means a confession of impropriety, as indicating an intention of amendment.

Wag. Rather, as a sufficient atonement for the past, and rendering amendment in future superfluous!

Sir Thos. No, Sir! — I fully purpose to do better, (*Cheers,*) and I wish to start as soon as possible, and with a clear stage. Now, Lieutenant the Hon. Thomas Scamper, (I believe a most worthy scion of the house of Rakely,) called upon your Ladyship this morning, and mentioned an appointment which I do not think he could have meant to keep; and which, consequently, to my mind, raises something like a mystery. (*Lady W. retires.*)

Sir Thos. Hah!

Wag. (*Half aside.*) It is clear her conscience, at least, is still entire.

Sir Thos. A second time you have interfered where I think

you are unentitled. *This* is a family matter, Sir, and consequently no subject for *you*.

Wag. So, while you seem very much disposed to think Lady W: in a mess, you seem equally disposed to shoot any one that should prove her so.

Sir Thos. Can *you* prove her so?

Wag. On the contrary, I am sure she is as good a wife, as you are a bad husband.

Lord B. An' that 's sayin' verra muckle!

Sir Thos. (*To Waggener.*) We will talk about that hereafter, Sir; in the meantime, that is my card.

Pumph. My Lord and Gentlemen of the jury, I shall reserve any observations *I* may have to make upon the events of this morning, until I have seen how the case of my client shall stand without them.

Lord B. Oh! we a' ken about that, sae ye need na waste your wind; and family matters are, as Sir Thomas says, family matters, and should na be meddled wi' by the uninitiated.

Hairb. My *life*, upon the honour of the queen!

Lord B. Vera gude, Harry, an' vera gallant in you; still, ae grain of explanation is worth ony quantity of assertion. An' what has this Mr Scamper been about?

Hairb. Only filling up his time, I suppose, in making calls which nobody cares for, and which he himself only thinks of, because his gloves are on, and he has no place in particular to go to.

Lord B. Sic fules should be tied up; or only allowed to gang where they can do nae harm.

Kate. I think they're very useful.

Lord B. Is the lassie daft?

Kate. Yes, — Like dogs that are sheep-biters, they make the shepherds look sharp!

Sir Thos. I shall be very plain. This matter must be cleared up, or his scampership and I must measure shables. — And here in good time he comes.

Lady W. (*Entering as Lieut. Scamper.*) 'Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen! I, — I understand, I have been wanted? I understand my name has been mentioned, rather disrespectfully, in connection with that of an honorable Lady! *Who* was pleased to do me that favour?

Sir Thos. I have understood, Sir, that without reference to any Lady, you are no acquisition in any family, and consequently not in mine, — and I said so.

Lady W. Well, you said a great deal too much. You certainly know nothing of my qualities; nor do I know any right you have to judge of them; and it is equally certain you have no right to complain of my conduct in *your family*. I met Lady W. in society, was there any harm in that?

Sir Thos. Go on.

Lady W. I saw her *home*, — for that you have to thank me; — I called to inquire after her health, — the rules of society *compelled me*; and finding her an agreeable woman, and not particularly occupied, I am not aware that I did wrong in enjoying her company while it was pleasant to her; nor even in acknowledging that it was very pleasant to me.

Sir Thos. Did you not speak of an appointment this morning, which you know had no existence, but in your own impertinence?

Lady W. I spoke of an appointment *here*; and if I had been entirely precluded from keeping it, instead of being detained as I have been, till late, would that have been a crime?

Lord B. He has ye there, Tammie. I think the matter's explained.

Sir Thos. I do not choose that you shall have any acquaintance or communication.

Lady W. That is another matter, — and refers entirely to the future; am I to understand that you are satisfied as to the *past*?

Sir Thos. Suppose I am?

Lady W. Then your denunciation as to the future is arbitrary and capricious; and I shall only attend to it so far as I think proper.

Sir Thos. You tell me that?

Lady W. I do. As you have admitted you have no fault to find as to the past, what right have you to insult either the Lady or me, by suspicion, or dislike, or in any other way?

Sir Thos. It is my pleasure, Sir! and I am the Lady's husband.

Lady W. And a very indifferent one hitherto.

Sir Thos. That, Sir, is no affair of *yours*.

Lady W. I can't make so much noise as you do; but I say it *is* my business, and that of every friend of Lady W.

Sir Thos. You are no longer to pretend to *that character*, Sir!

Lady W. I shall certainly not consult you on that subject. While the Lady honours me with her esteem, that shall be enough for me; for I suppose she is free and rational? To be plain, — I can *never cease* to be the friend of that Lady; and I think, under all the circumstances, she requires a friend. Nay, more, so long as *you* choose to leave her time unoccupied, she is very likely to have *my* company.

Sir Thos. This is cool!

Lord B. The young rogue should be cognosced. He is committing the Lady.

Lady W. Take care, my Lord, or I may have to ask *you* some questions.

Lord B. Me?

Lady B. Yes! And I ask you decidedly, what does the man deserve who neglects his home, and dawdles away his time in other company than that of his wife? Answer me.

Lord B. I'm no' obleeged; it's a question ye ha'e nae bizness wi'; and it would be improper in me to answer ye any question, for I may ha'e to hang ye for murder, if ye provoke that gentleman to lift his hand.

Lady W. I'll take my chance; and also take leave to answer my own question: — such a man deserves, — a pain at least equal to that he inflicts.

Lord B. Ye're a vera forward little fallow!

Lady B. He's a very proper little fellow, and I think better of him than I did.

Sir Thos. This matter can go no farther here, and I beg the company's pardon for having carried it so far.

Crowd. Not at all, not at all; quite an amusement; go on.

Sir Thos. No! I feel the ridicule of my situation sufficiently already.

Lady W. Sir, this matter must be finished now. There are ties between Lady W. and me, which render her cause my own, and if you are a man! (*Drawing.*)

Sir Thos. What!

Lady W. You will not only instantly beg pardon of Lady W. and me, but solemnly promise a very amended conduct !

Sir Thos. Who on earth has a right to speak to me in that manner !

Lady W. (*Taking off her head-dress.*) I have.

Sir Thos. Lady W., by all that 's ridiculous ! (*They applaud her.*) Could you not have spared me a little ?

Lady W. I don't think I could.

Sir Thos. Whether you could or not, I forgive and thank you. My little Scapegrace ! (*Taking her hand.*) I have indeed been insensible ; but I *swear* it shall be so no more.

Lady W. We shall see. I only tell you, that this joke cannot be repeated.

Sir Thos. I'll be *good*.

Lady W. You had need, or *next* time I find occasion to complain, I may tip you a chapter of the Ecclesiastics.

Lady B. You are too simple.

Lady W. Must I take your Ladyship also in hand ?

Lady B. You had better. I know I sent his Worship on his travels under circumstances of suspicion that have since appeared groundless, and so far the story *seems* against me ; but I am not exactly sure that it *is*.

Lady W. I'll convince you of your injustice. I know the unfortunate girl who has caused you such uneasiness, and will shew you how much you have wronged your excellent husband, who is indeed a paragon of——

Lord B. Say nae mair about it. That 's a settled transaction.

Lady W. I'll see.

[*Exit Lady W.*]

Lord B. (*To Hairbrain.*) Harry !

Hairb. My Lord ?

Lord B. (*Leading Hairbrain forward.*) Kens the daft Randy ony thing about the limmer ?

Hairb. It looks suspicious. But give me your consent as to Katie ; unite our interests, and I'll bring you off, cost what it may.

Lord B. She'll play the mischief, I doot !

Hairb. Leave every thing to me ; that is, if I am to have Katie and the ten thousand——

Lord B. Ten, Harry !— I didna say ten.

Hairb. Only ten at first.

Lord B. It was seven at first, an' only ten a' thegither.

Hairb. Well, eight be it then; but I cannot risk every thing on my part, without any concession on yours.

Lord B. What would ye do wi' the siller?

Hairb. Land, every sixpence; I have a place in my eye.

Lord B. See that it's a bargain, an' we'll no' fa' out about the soom doon. (Sum down.)

Hairb. You shall judge in every thing; and now, my dear sir, speak!

Lord B. It'll be vera awkward, sae sudden.

Hairb. After four years' hard fagging?

Phil. (Entering on tiptoe, and going to Lord B. and Hairbrain.) As I am an officer and a gentleman! I believe the divil's in the passage.

Hairb. Who? Who?

Phil. My Lordship knows. The old complaint, my Lord, will be back in no time!

Lord B. It's the jaud, nae doubt.

Phil. The same, the same, your honor's Reverence! Shall I circumvint her?

Hairb. Yes! bother her for a few minutes if you can, but don't hurt her, or she'll screech and spoil all. (Exit Phil.) (To Lord B.) Now, my Lord.

Kate. (Coming forward.) Harry Hairbrain, if you have deceived me——

Hairb. Let me implore—— (She retires.)

Lord B. Puir fallow! ye ha'e yer tribulations too. (Speaking aloud.) Eh, gentles! we have had something like a Comedy the night, but my friend Harry reminds me, that a Comedy is never complete wantin' a marriage. Noo, Harry has been very usefu' the night in the way o' keepin' up the fun, and if he could find ony body as fulish as himsel, wadna mind continuin' to ack in character. My Lady, we ha'e gi'en ye ae surprise the night, what wad ye think of anither?

Lady B. If not more agreeable than the last, I must decline it.

Lord B. Weel, my friend Harry here has, it seems for lang, had a vera gude opinion of our dochter Mary.

Kate. (Starting forward.) Mary?

Hairb. MARY, my Lord!

Lord B. Ay, Mary; did ye no' say *ten* thoosan? It's MARY that has the *ten*!

Hairb. Katie, Katie, *with any thing — with nothing!*

Cursall. I dinna understand thae things, Mr Harry, but if its siller that's wantit, an' no' a wife, say nae mair about it. I'll lend ye what ye need.

Hairb. My dear fellow! as long as I can walk the boards and wag my tongue, I shall find money more or less; but a lady I can love, I may only find once in my life, and this is she.

Cursall. Then to mak' ye her equal.

Birkie. Mr James, ye maun come and dine wi' us, but there's nae siller needit. Harry has made something, an' I think deserves mair, so we'll tak' him as he is, if it's your pleasure. Harry, there's my hand! (*To the rest.*) I made a mistak' it seems, it's Katie that's the favourite. Weel, even Katie wadna be the waur o' bein' married, though the auldest should ha'e gane first; and so, as my friend has agreed to be biddable, an' tak' advice, which a' young folks should, I have nae objection that he tak' her, and I hope your Ladyship will ha'e nane either. Hae, Harry, man! (*giving her hand*) I hope she'll be as gude a wife as she has been a dochter; an', Harry, ye maun be a gude rascal yersel, for I think ye ha'e a bargain in Katie. (*Hairbrain bows.*) An' ye maun come an' see me aften, Harry, an' let Katie come.

Hairb. We will, we will, my Lord, and never, never but to make you happy.

Lord B. I'm sure ye mean it; and in that case I should say, bless ye! but I'm no muckle in the way o' sayin' thae things. Gudewife, gie them your hand, and tak' my han', for we'll soon be lanely thegither again.

Lady B. That has no terrors for me. Catherine, my girl!

Kate. My dear, dear mammy! (*They embrace.*)

Lady B. I wish you happy! I have not had such opportunity as I wished, for conversing with our dear son-in-law, but I cannot help thinking he might be a better man.

Lady W. (*Entering disguised as a servant as before.*) Now don't — don't be severe any farther upon Mr Hairbrain.

Lord B. It's that sneevlin' jaud again! A wis' she were far eneuch!

Phil. She *would* come in, your Reverence!

Lady W. Many a one submits to be blamed, in order to screen others.

Lady B. Now I believe the murder is out indeed.

Lord B. Harry, what for dinna ye speak? Ye *ken* I ha'e nae hand in't.

Lady W. Oh, my Lord Bir—Bir—Birkie? (*Sobbing.*)

Lord B. Ye limmer! d'ye *ken* what ye're doin'? An' I believe *ye want* to mak' dispeace.

Lady W. Now don't wrong the innocent.

Lord B. It's my firm opinion.

Lady W. (*Throwing off her head-dress.*) And upon such opinions doubtless, you give judgments that are irrevocable.

Lord B. It's the cutty, Lady Doubloo, *again!*

Lady W. How are ye all, good people? How are you my Lady, in particular? Don't you think at last that you have erred on the one side, as far as you thought I had erred on the other?

Lady B. I never liked jokes.

Lord B. That's a truth!

Lady B. I now like them less than ever. Men are quite apt enough to be impudent, without any one taking the trouble to shew that women may be in the wrong.

Lady W. And women quite apt enough to be tyrannical, without being taught by their neighbours.

Sir Thos. My dear! if you knew how kindly Lady B. has spoken of *you*, and how firmly and properly to *me*, you would respect her as long as you live.

Lady W. Then I sincerely beg her pardon; but I did not know this. (*To Lady B.*) I beg you will forgive me. (*She kisses her hand and they embrace.*) Catherine, I congratulate you, or condole with you, as the case may be; but I think you have got one that a woman of sense may manage, and so I congratulate you.

Sir Thos. *Too much* tyranny is bad on the one side or the other; but the laws of propriety are well known, and *it is* unfortunate if *one* of a family does not stand up for them.

Pumpk. Well said, Tommie!

Wag. Sir Thomas, let us be friends. (*Offering his hand.*)

(*To Hairbrain.*) And you also, my old Stager, for I fear you are going to be *good*, and, consequently, that we must part. I congratulate you, but I confess you have distanced us too far, to be considered to have played fair.

Hairb. One must get sober *some time*, and perhaps the sooner the better.

Pumpk. Certainly; did you expect every one was to remain a wild beast though you did? Any young lady take me? Engaged as I am in the serious business of life—(*A laugh.*) Eh? It is impossible that I can find time for the foolery of courting; but you know who I am; always able to scrape for you while I live, and can leave you the magnificent annuity of thirty pounds when I'm dead. Who says? — Once — twice!

Lady W. Will you allow me to recommend a young lady?

Pumpk. Certainly.

Lady W. I must also have a little time to consult.

Pumpk. All right! But there is no time to be lost. I'm a great bargain; — five feet eight from top to toe, and the same from toe to top — allowed to be a very fine animal of my kind: — Going!

Lady W. One moment, Mr Peter.

Pumpk. Certainly. Any gentleman give me a snuff in the meantime?

Hairb. (*To Lady B.*) I forgive your Ladyship your bet.

Lady B. You have contrived that we should have more to settle than that; and for that at least you deserve credit.

Kate. Mammy, mammy! he offered to take me with nothing.—

Lady B. You're a happy woman!

Hairb. My Lady! it was his Lordship's particular instruction, that I should attend to the main chance.

Lord B. Yes, — but we never mean in thae cases that ye should begin wi' ane's sel'.

Lady W. Mr Pumpkin, let me recommend to you Miss Selina Sobersides.

Pumpk. Sobersides? — Sobersides? However, do you bid, Ma'am?

Selina. (*Modestly.*) Yes.

Pumpk. How much? Give it a name! — Ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand: nothing too much to be refused.

Selina. I have only five.

Pumpk. Five! That's a Dutch auction. The standing jokes I have are worth that, to say nothing of the general corporation; and I have known five or six feet of *blockhead* bring thrice the money. However, five thousand pounds are five thousand pounds; and if it's a lady's all, why it should be valued accordingly. Going for five thousand pounds, then! Ladies and gentlemen! no man of sense should throw himself away, because if every one were to do so, all the prizes would be left to fools. But in this case a lady has shewn herself at once so generous and so confiding, that I only fear lest she should have a bad bargain.

Wag. No hedging.—You stand to your offer, ma'am?—Gone! Ma'am, I wish you joy of your purchase! You've got a great bargain, and I hope you'll make much of it.

Lord B. Hah, hah! I congratulate you, Mr Peter, I congratulate you! But, (*To Hairbrain,*) Harry, ye incarnate! ha'e ye dune me again?

Hairb. For the *last* time, my Lord?

Lady B. What was that, Sir?

Hairb. His Lordship was only expressing surprise,—in which indeed we must all join,—that Lady W. should have succeeded in deceiving us a second time.

Lord B. (*To Hairbrain.*) Ye ha'e won yer siller at last, Harry, an' I'm dune. (*Aloud.*) Weel, my Lady, without exactly justifying a' that's been dune, to get an auld freend to meet his auld freends, it has been dune sae weel, and upon the whole endit sae weel, I think we should be satisfied. I hope ye are cured for ane, my Lady, an' for *ae while*. Tammie, I reckon ye ha'e gotten a lesson too! (*Aside.*) A've gotten a fright mysel! (*Aloud.*) An' sae far as the young folks ha'e been furthered a step, I hope it'll prove a gude ane. For me, I'm verra glad, that in order to gie *a lesson to my friends*, I ha'e been able to ack sae weel, that nae body has suspected I *was* acting.

Phil. You done me any how, compleate! For if that were 'nt real tribulation, I never seen it.

Hairb. Hush, Phil! You feed pigs no longer.

Phil. Your sweet majesty!

Trockie. If there's ony guid deen, I consider I ha'e been a verra great instriment.

Lord B. An' a' your fauts are forgi'en for it, an' that's nae trifle.—An' Ladies and Gentlemen, if we have na been mair

ta'en up wi' family matters than we ought to ha'e been, to gi'e a' the amusement that we wished, —

For a' my plagues, if I may use th' expression,
I'm weel contented sae to end the Session.

(*Fiddlers strike up.*)

Are thae the fiddlers? Ye are in the right o't;
Bring in the looms, an' lat us ha'e a night o't.

EPILOGUE.

Five mortal acts! If I have writ but nonsense —
What *future acts* can clear my fame or conscience?
So as I may take up the theme, before all
Less candid critics, here goes for the moral.

Ye BIRKIES and ye WILDGEESE! on life's common,
Should you e'er meet that fearful thing, a woman, —
Yes, fearful; though they seem as things from Heaven,
Of which the pictures are so often given: —
With looks of light, and steps as light as air,
And eyes yet brighter than their brows are fair,
And vestures streaming, while their face is set
In roses, and in ringlets fair or jet,
They onward swim, in seeming innocent,
Yet if a volley from their eyes is sent,
You gasp, as if a cannon-ball went by,
And but throw after them a powerless sigh! —
Then, every night, 'tis dreaming of proposals,
And charming meetings, follow'd by espousals;
A total change of habits and of life, —
Oh! nothing now, like order and a wife! —
Should you e'er feel so moved, and in due time
Succeed in conquering, by prose or rhyme,
Renounce all other vagaries, such as
With wicked chirping Bachelors have place;
Have but one scene of happiness and glory,
(And this applies to either Whig or Tory.)
Your home! or such society as home
Is sure to give; for should you chance to roam
Alone, uncared for, wicked Bachelors,
Without the fear of drink, or decent hours,
Will lead you on, with story after story,
And setting every thing that's good before ye,
Till, when you wake at last, you find, alas!
You do n't know clearly what has come to pass;

Whether you found your way to home, as soon
 As mortal could, or tumbled from the moon;
 While tales are told that make you feel quite foolish,
 And all about are cold, and stiff, and mulish.

And you, ye *BIRKIES of the softer sex,*
 (For once a century such things will vex,)
 If *HUBBY* for a little hour forgets
 The charming mean your sweet example sets,
 Bear not so hard as quite to booby him,
 And make a crime of every little whim;
 Or driving him to other aid, perchance
 Designing rogues may lead you both a dance;
 Make *you* unhappy, for a trivial matter,
 And rid you both, of money or a daughter!

I think I have made this completely out,
 A moral worth your money, without doubt. —

Others are made to “fret their little hour,”
 But need I farther seek to shew my power?
 Lawyers will know the value of my strictures,
 And beg to sit, or not sit, for their pictures,

Meantime it vexes me, and others too,
 The larger courts the less there is to do;
 And stupid statesmen have so fleeced the city,
 We can't afford to laugh nor to be witty;
 The world in general is become so knowing,
 Humour is gone, and business is fast going.

Talent and patience conquer all mishaps, —
 The feast is gone, let's revel on the scraps;
 Or, turning tradesmen in our own defence,
 Charge by the hour, and pocket the expense!
 For me, I know my cue; if trade is short,
 I write again, — and mercy on *THE COURT!*
 But abler men should other schemes devise, —
 Bring back our Boards of Customs and Excise;
 Bring in cheap coals, should it be from the moon,
 Deepen the *LEITH*, and put the *Treddles* on;
 And like *Financiers* masters of our trade,
 Insist to spend the money where 'tis made!
Then we may thrive; till then “the splendid city,”
 Is but a splendid tomb, — the more 's the pity;
 And yet our *Councillors* exalt their horn,
 By recommending even buying corn!
Oh pravum Genus! procul te Regina!
Si non dilectant clades et ruina.
 But this is — what? an *Epilogue*, — 'od so!
 Well! we have got your cash, and you may go.

POLITICAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

D. BAIN.

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ODE TO THE QUEEN,

SEU

APOPHTHEGMATA QUÆDAM REGALIA,

AD

VICTORIAM REGINAM

REGNUM INEUNTEM,

LATA,

AMICO IMPERATRICIS ET IMPERII.

These verses are the result of the thoughts of many years, and upon very important subjects. They would convey to HER MAJESTY, or rather to such as from curiosity might be induced to study them in place of HER MAJESTY, information and opinions not likely to be obtruded by any MINISTER or MINISTERS.

In case it should go no farther, I shall do all the good that my space will allow.

OF AGRICULTURE.—“PROTECT OUR AGRICULTURE, NURSE OF STATES,
AND PARENT OF ALL OTHER INDUSTRY.”

OF COLONIES.—According to the doctrines of the new school,
————— “Colonies
Are but a curse, at least of doubtful worth.”

According to these verses—

“They are the fountains of our enterprise,
The very buttresses on which this Empire lies.”

* * * * *

“Shorn of these rays, what were this State?—a wart!
A speck even in the ocean that it rules;
Let those who disregard the Statesman’s art,
But look on VENICE, it should school their schools;
Its dying looks alone, should shew them they are fools.”

OF CERTAIN STATESMEN.—

Look on the men whose wisdom and whose worth,
 Court your acceptance in the hour of need ;
 “ THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS,” whose birth
 Will yet be felt, as it had been decreed,
 To rescue ages from the downward speed
 That tyranny had given them. When he parts,
 We ALL shall wonder that, the nations freed
 By his great arm, his really matchless parts
 Had not been used, till DEATH had ta'en him from our hearts.

* * * * *

But should you, by fatality, retain
 Men feeble or incompetent in aught ;
 And party sometimes even will men sustain
 That nothing know, and nothing can be taught,
 The ROYAL NAME will to contempt be brought,—

* * * * *

And Ministers regarded as a knot
 Of ———, seeking but for power and pelf,
 The state at once will serve and vindicate itself.

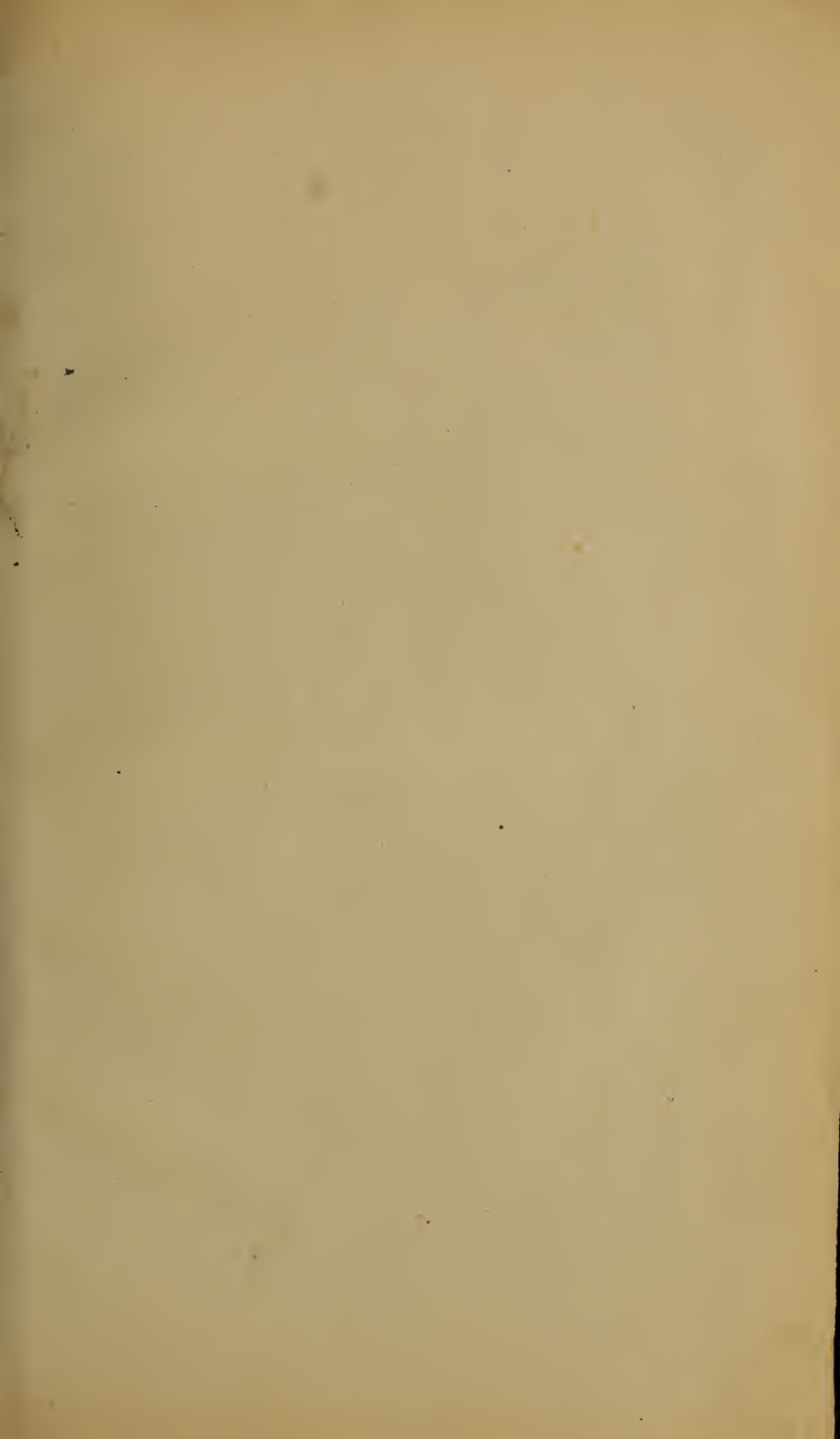
And beggared in finances when we should
 Be hoarding treasures for less peaceful times,
 And talent spurned, not of a certain brood,
 And acts of courage treated even as crimes !*
 Can these be STATESMEN ? or but dangerous mimes ?
 The BRAGGART UNION even our blood has sought,
 Treating our dandy-drivellings as old rhymes,
 Or vapourings of a fool whose bolt is shot :—
 CROMWELL had ta'en the rascals by the throat,
 And *taught* them HONOUR, if they had it not.

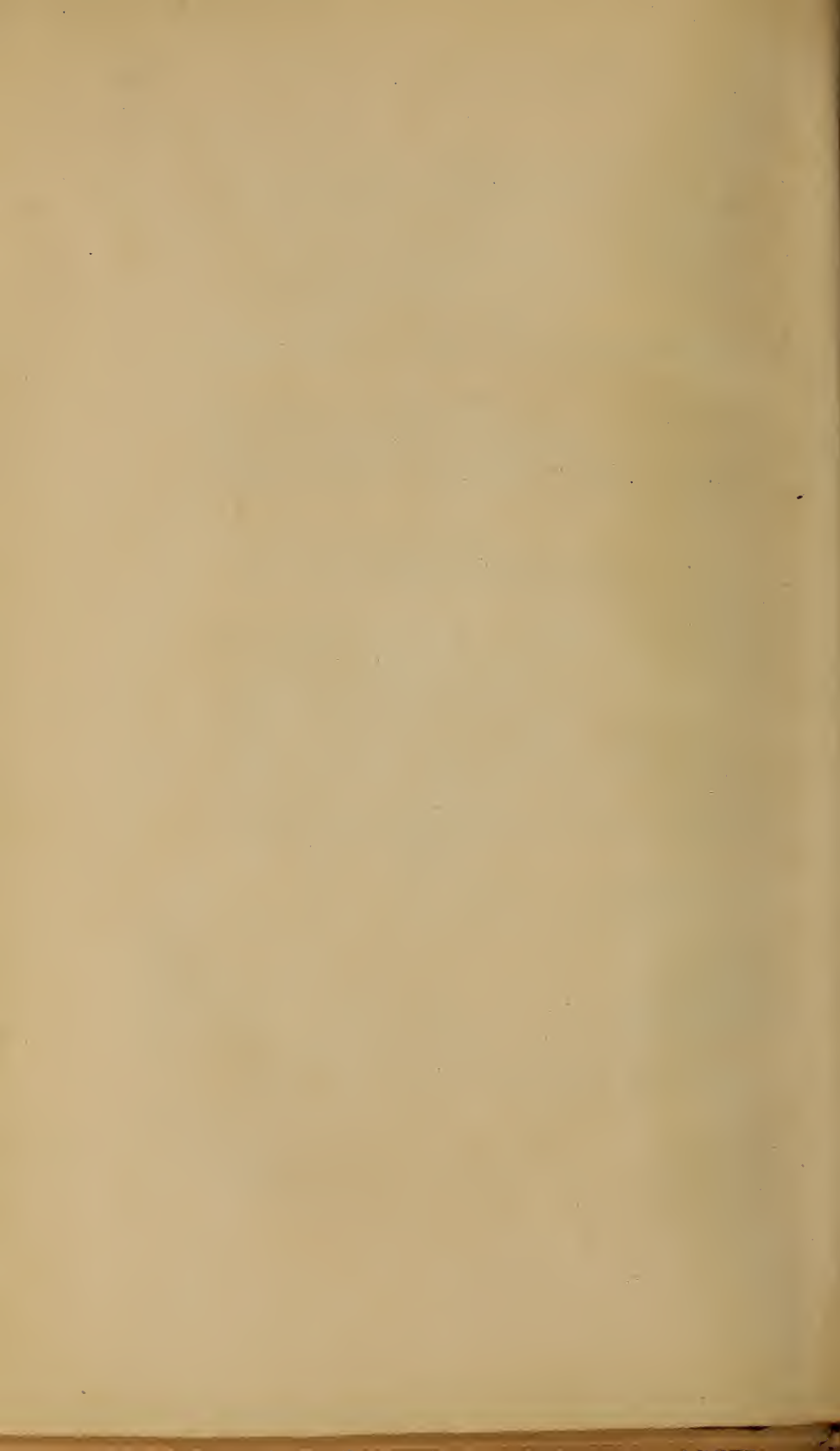
The verses would exceed twelve hundred lines, or from seventy to eighty pages, and would fall to be accompanied by notes exceeding themselves in extent; and as verses are not at present sought for by the public, and Booksellers only patronise what the public does, (*vide* Memoirs of JACK SHEPARD, &c.) this book, if published at all, must be published on the encouragement of friends of a very different species of Literature; and from them the author would be glad to receive encouragement.

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31, GAYFIELD SQUARE,
 Feb. 1841.

* At the MAURITIUS, &c.





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